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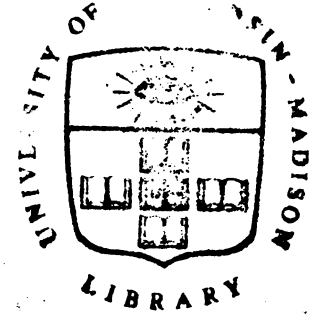

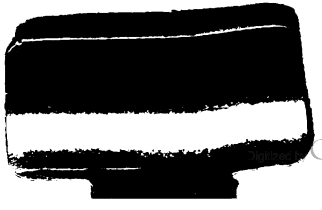

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WAYLAND SMITH.

A DISSERTATION ON A TRADITION OF THE MIDDLE AGES:

WITH THE ISLANDIC, ANGLO-SAXON, ENGLISH, GERMAN, AND ROMANS-FRENCH TEXTS RELATING TO IT.

BY

G. B. DEPPING AND FRANCISQUE MICHEL.

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WAYLAND SMITH.

A DISSERTATION ON A TRADITION OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF

G. B. DEPPING AND FRANCISQUE MICHEL.

WITH ADDITIONS

BY S. W. SINGER.

AND THE AMPLIFIED LEGEND BY

OEHLENSCHLAGER.

LONDON:
WILLIAM PICKERING.
1847.

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TO

MRS. KINNEAR,

WHOSE TRANSLATION FROM OEHLENSCHLAGER

FURNISHES THE MOST ATTRACTIVE PORTION,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES

ARE GRATEFULLY DEDICATED BY HER

AFFECTIONATE FRIEND

S. W. SINGER.

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PREFACE.

THE use which Sir Walter Scott made of this legend in his romance of Kenilworth, has given it universal celebrity, but, independent of this claim to our attention, it may be considered as one of the most interesting of the old Sagas of the North. The rifaccimento of it by Adam Oehlenschlager was first written by him in Danish about the year 1800, and he afterwards re-wrote it in German, from which language the following version has been made.

The dissertation appended to it will show how gradually it has been built up, and how skilfully from its fragmentary state the Danish poet has constructed a poetical tale breathing the wild spirit of his native land.

A dissertation on a popular tale may at first glance appear to be a trifling thing. Nevertheless, when this tale is of remote origin; when it has amused the people of the

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South and of the North, and given occupation to poets, to writers of romance, and to mythologers of various ages; when it has passed from one language and from one country to another, it is no longer an object to be despised. That which has exercised the imagination of poets of various nations, must always merit some attention from posterity.

The tale of Wayland Smith has also the advantage of explaining one of the most ancient Sagas contained in the Edda, that Bible of the North. It is under these considerations that indulgence is craved for the following dissertation. We shall see in it how a fable of classic antiquity has been dressed up in a strange form by the Scandinavians, and afterwards circulated in this form through a great part of Europe.

The subject has been deemed sufficiently interesting to engage the attention of some distinguished northern scholars: the brothers Grimm in Germany,* and the Editors of the

* *Ueber die Eustehung der altdeutschen Poesie, und ihr Verhæltniss zu der Nordischen.* In the 4th Vol. p. 254 of the *Studien* by Daub and Creuzer, 6 Vols. 8vo.

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Edda at Copenhagen,* have collected the traces of the traditions respecting Wayland scattered among various people. M. Depping had given a slight essay to the world as early as the year 1822,† and having afterwards extended his researches he joined with M. Francisque Michel, who with his accustomed unremitting industry, had collected all that could be found bearing on the subject in the old French romances, and the result was the production in 1833 of the Dissertation of which the following translation is a slight modification with some additions.

It was thought advisable to give the passages from the Edda and from the various romances in the original languages in the

1805-11. *Irmenstrasse und Irmensæule.* Vienna. 1815. *Die Deutsche Heldensage* von W. Grimm. Gottingen. 1829. 8vo.

* *Edda Sæmundar.* Copenhag. 1787—1818. 4to. *Index hominum propriorum,* art Vœlund. p. ii. p. 894.

† In the New Monthly Magazine, vol. iv. p. 527, and Vol. V. of Mémoires de la Soc. Roy. des Antiquaires de France. Paris. 1823. p. 217. The title of the Dissertation was: "VELAND LE FORGERON, Dissertation sur une Tradition du Moyen Age, avec les Textes Islandais, Anglo-Saxons, &c. par G. B. Depping et Francisque Michel." 8vo. Paris. 1833.

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notes, that those who take interest in such inquiries might be enabled to see how the same fiction had been alluded to by poets in four or five languages which are no longer spoken at least as they were of old.

It is probable that Spain, Italy, and the East above all, had analogous traditions, but they have eluded the researches of the present writers: some future inquirer may trace them, and then they may be added to those here given, and thereby complete as much as possible the history of this singular descendant of Dædalus and of Tubal Cain.

The name of this renowned Smith is very variously given: in Islandic it is *Vælund*, and *Vaulundr*; in old high German *Wiolant*, *Wielant*; in Anglo-Saxon *Wêland*; in old English *Weland* and *Velond*; and in our more recent language WAYLAND, probably from popular tradition. In old French *Galans* and *Galant*, and in Latin of the middle ages, *Guielandus*. It will be seen that Wayland's father was named *Wade* or *Wate*, of whom an old English romance must have once existed, as it is referred to by Chaucer, in his Troilus and Cressida, III. 615,

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"He songe, she plaide, he told a tale of WADE,"

and it is mentioned, among other Romances, in Richard Cœur de Lion, and in Sir Bevis.*

From the attention which has been excited to *folk-lore* by articles which have of late from time to time appeared in the Athenæum, there is some reason to hope that the Dissertation of Messrs. Depping and Michel will find favour with those who take interest in such subjects, to whom it is now made more accessible than, from the small number of copies printed of the French original, it has hitherto been.

It should be mentioned that some slight omissions have been made in the notes to Sect. V. on French traditions, but some additional illustrations have been added in other parts which it is trusted will not be deemed either slight or unimportant; and the translations of the Anglo-Saxon and Islandic Texts are, it is believed, rendered much more exact.

* See Warton's History of Poetry, I. 124. Ed. 1840. There is an Essay on this fabulous person by M. Francisque Michel, but the Editor has not been fortunate enough to meet with it.

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An Essay on the Valkyrie of Northern Mythology by Dr. L. Frauer* of Tubingen, has recently appeared, in which every thing that bears upon that subject has been brought together with diligence, and copiously illustrated. It is a capital monograph of an interesting part of Northern Mythology, and still further tends to show its connection with the Mythologies of Greece and Rome. The Editor cannot but regret that it was not available to him at an earlier period.

Mickleham, S. W. S.
Feb. 18, 1847.

* Die Walkyrien der Skandinavisch germanischen Götter und Heldensage, aus den Nordischen quellen dargestellt von Dr. Ludwig Frauer. 8vo. Weimar. 1846.

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WAYLAND SMITH.

SECTION I.

SCANDINAVIAN TRADITIONS.

It is in the Icelandic Sagas that Wayland Smith figures as the subject of long romantic fictions, and the story is at the same time one of the most antient which that poetic literature affords.[1] Attempts have been made to connect the fiction with an historic epoch, the reign of King Nidung, who appears to have flourished in Sweden in the sixth century of our era,[2] and who is mentioned as the protector of the Smith.

[1] Norrænir menn hafa samanasett nockurn part sœgunar enn sumt qvædscap. That er first frâ Sigurdi at seigia Fafnisbana, Vœlsûngum oc Niflûngum oc Velint Smid oc hans brodur Egli oc fra Nidûngi kôngi. Oc thò at nockut bregdist at qvædi um mannaheiti eda atburda, thâ er ei undarligt svo margar sœgur sem thessir hasa sagt, enn thô rîs hun nær af einum efn.—*Wilkina Saga*, pref.

The men of the North have compiled some Sagas or Traditions with chants. They are first those of Sigurd Fafnersbane, of the Volsungas, of the Smith Velint, and of his brother Egil, and of the King Nidung, &c.

[2] The historian Suhm, who, in his History of Denmark,

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Nevertheless this connection imparts nothing historic to the story of Wayland; and if on the one part they have antiently sought to attach Wayland to history, on the other they have also connected this personage with the Scandinavian mythology, by giving him one of the Valkyries or daughters of Destiny, for wife, and a *haffru*, or water sprite, for his grandmother. We therefore quit history, and concern ourselves only with the romance.

This romance has from time to time received many embellishments and additions.

The most antient fiction is that of the *Vœlundarquida*,[3] a chant, or ballad, which the Edda contains[4]: it is probably formed of fragments of antient romances which have been connected together by transitions in prose. Under this antique form the romance bears an unpolished character, and the language has the rudeness and simplicity of primitive times. These strophes, which were graved in the memory long before they were committed to writing, become obscure from the brevity of expression and the conciseness of recital.

treats the fable and the tradition with rather too much respect, believes that there is a historic foundation for the Saga of Wayland Smith. Nidung, king of Nerika, in Sweden, according to him, made war upon Weland, prince of Gothland and Scania, for having dishonoured his daughter: he surprised him in his territory, and made him prisoner.

[3] *Edda Sæmundr hinns fróda.* Part II. Havniæ. 1818, 4to. p. 3, et seq.

[4] See the entire chant in the Appendix.

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Fortunately the prolix romance in prose of posterior times is there to supply the excessive brevity of the chant of the Edda with an explanation and commentary.

This old poetry on Wayland Smith is a curious object of study for the literary enquirer. It was in this taste that the Normans, who came to settle in France must have composed and sung.

In the *Wilkina Saga*, a composition less antient by five or six centuries, the romance of Wayland has assumed a more polished form, the antique rudeness is a little effaced; some episodes have been added, they have sought to embellish the old romance.

The *Wilkina-Saga* begins to bear the impress of the spirit of chivalry; it contains, indeed, the recital of the mighty exploits of Didric of Berne, or rather Theodoric of Verona, and his champions. This romance is of German origin, and we shall have again to speak of it in the chapter in which we treat of German traditions. Nevertheless, as it appears to have been only embroidered on a subject originally of Scandinavian origin, we shall add this version to the preceding, in order to show at one glance the modifications which the old tradition had undergone in the course of centuries.

First let us analyse the chant of the Edda.[5]

[5] See the notes to the edition of the Edda cited above, also the vocabularies that are appended to it; and compare the observations of Grimm, in the Hermes. Leipzig. 1820. 8vo. Vol. v., p. 119.

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The obscurity of this composition has in a great measure disappeared, thanks to the learned commentary which accompanies the last edition of the poetical collection of the antient Scandinavians.

There was a king in Sweden named Niduth; he had two sons, and a daughter named Baudvilde. At the same time existed three brothers, sons of an Alf-king,[6] that is to say, of supernatural race. They were named Slagfid, Egill, and Vœlund. Pursuing the chase, and skating, they arrived in the Valley of Ulfdal, or the Valley of Bears, and constructed themselves a habitation on the borders of a lake.

There, one morning, they found three Valky-

[6] By the word *Alfe*, the ancient Scandinavians designated the Finns, and it is by Finn that the editors of the Edda have here translated the word; but the first of these people attributed to the *Alfes* the powers of magic, and Alfe also signifies a supernatural being, a sprite. It is in this last sense that William Grimm here takes the word (See Die deutsche Heldensage, p. 388). The Elfs that figure so extensively in the popular tales of Ireland, are the same as the Alfes of Iceland. There were Alfes of day, and Alfes of night. Wm. Grimm presumes that Wayland was an Alfe of day or of light, since he speaks of his white complexion, and the Valkyrie he takes to wife is called the Brilliant [All white]. They attribute to the Alfes and the Finns an extraordinary skill in the fabrication of metals. What appears to prove that they regarded Wayland as a supernatural being, is, that he ends by flying away, and that they give him for father a giant, and for grandmother a woman of the sea, or water-sprite.

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ries,[7] who, having put off their swan robes, were spinning flax: it was Alvite, [Allwite], or all-knowing; Svanhvite, or white as a swan; both of them daughters of King Loedver; and Alrune, daughter of Kiar, King of Valland. The brothers carried them to their dwelling, and were united to them; Slagfid took Swanwhite, Egill Alrune, and Vœlund took Allwite.

After having lived with their husbands seven winters, the Valkyries flew away to visit the battles; two of the brothers, Egill and Slagfid, took their

[7] The Valkyries, in the Scandinavian mythology, have almost the same attributes as the *parcæ* in the mythology of Greece. They also spin the thread of destiny, and besides, they assist at combats, by which, among a barbarous people, destinies are regulated. Although three are generally admitted, it appears, nevertheless, that others were also supposed to exist; and it is singular that daughters of earth might be Valkyries. We have here an example. Their fathers are named, who, a thing sufficiently odd, have frankish names; one is called Loedver, i. e., Louis, and the other Kiare, probably Charles, of whom they make a king of Valland, a term under which was solely understood the country of the Walloons, France and Italy. See Depping Hist. des Expéditions maritime des Normands. Paris, 1826. 8vo. tom. ii. p. 388.

The Valkyries appeared in the day in the form of swans; they could put off this form, which, according to the rude notions of the Scandinavians, was but a robe with which they covered themselves, and then they appeared in the human form. It is, therefore, here said, they had near them their swan robes. One of them was named *Swan-hvite*, or white as a swan.

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skates and went in search of their wives; but Vœlund remained in his dwelling in the expectation of his wife's return, and applied himself to goldsmith's work.

The king Niduth, having heard mention of the beautiful works in gold that he fabricated, was desirous of possessing himself of them. He one night surreptitiously visits the dwelling of Vœlund, accompanied by his warriors; they find there seven hundred rings strung on a strip of bark, and carry off one in the absence of the owner. At length he returns from the chase, lights a fire, and prepares for his repast some of the flesh of a bear he had killed, lays himself down on another bear's skin, and counts leisurely over his rings; he perceives with affright that one is missing. Nevertheless he falls asleep: during his slumber, the marauders bind him; Niduth presents himself when Vœlund awakes, and carries him off to his dwelling after having seized upon the beautiful sword that the Smith had forged for himself. He gives the ring which he had purloined to his daughter. The queen, seeing the captive, does not like his look, is afraid of him, and orders him to be hamstrung, and retained as a prisoner. In consequence, Vœlund, after being thus maimed, is shut up in a small island, and forced to fabricate all sorts of jewels for the king.

Vœlund seeks an opportunity to revenge himself. Notwithstanding, he does not cease to work

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for his master. The two sons of Niduth sometimes come to see him, and ask for the keys of the coffer in which he has deposited his jewels. There they see the superb collars of gold of his workmanship. The king having interdicted every one from having access to the artisan, Vœlund desires the two princes not to reveal to any one that they have been in his workshop, and he promises to give them some of his beautiful works if they will come to him again clandestinely on the morrow.

They take care not to fail. When they arrive, Vœlund cuts off their heads, and buries their bodies in a swamp before his dwelling. He fashions their skulls into cups, mounts them in silver, and sends them to the king. Their eye-balls he enchases in the same precious metal, as breast ornaments, and sends them to the queen; turns their teeth into the form of pearls, and makes a necklace of them, which he sends to their sister Baudvilde. She had broken the ring which the king had carried off from Vœlund, and which the goldsmith had intended for his wife, and she now sends a messenger to the artisan requesting him to repair the jewel unknown to her father. Vœlund insists upon her bringing it herself under pretext of the king's injunction that he should work for no one but himself. She comes; Vœlund gives her a soporific potion, and afterwards ravishes her. Then triumphing that he had achieved his revenge, he thinks of escaping. In fact, he flies, leaving Baud-

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vilde in tears on account of his departure, and in dread of her father's anger. Vœlund seats himself upon the fence which encloses the king's habitation. The queen incites the king to speak to him. Niduth deplores the loss of his sons, and repents having followed the counsels of the queen in maiming Vœlund, who addresses himself to the king, and makes him swear that he will not punish his daughter for being pregnant. He reveals to him how he will find in his workshop the forge-bellows stained with the blood of his sons, and coldly recounts to him that their skulls, fashioned into vases, ornament the royal table.

Niduth is in desperation at what he hears; and desolate at not being able to reach the author of these misdeeds. Vœlund flies away laughing, leaving the king plunged in grief. Having called his daughter, Niduth receives confirmation of the truth of that which the terrible smith had revealed to him. Baudvilde, in tears, confesses her shame, and it is by her lamentations that the chant of the Edda closes.

In this chant no mention is made of the son of Baudvilde by Vœlund, nor of the sword *Mimung*, which his father forged for him, as we shall presently see. Nevertheless, the Edda of Snorro makes mention of this word which the old skalds had used to designate a sword, and which proves that the rest of the romance was current in the most antient times in the north.

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Now let us see the tradition as it has been recounted in the thirteenth century, in the *Wilkina-Saga*, that is to say, in the Saga, or recital concerning King Wilkin, of Winkinaland, in Sweden.[8] This king having met in a forest, on the sea coast, a beautiful female, who was an *haffru*, or woman of the sea, a species of marine beings who on land take the female form, had commerce with her, and the fruit of this union was a giant son who was called Wade. His father gave him twelve estates in Seeland. Wade, in his turn, had a son, called Vœlund or Vaulundr. When this child was nine years of age his father conducted him to a famous and skilful smith of Hunaland, named Mimer, that he might learn to forge, temper, and fashion instruments of iron.

After having left him three winters in Huna-

[8] The *Wilkina-Saga*, appears to have been composed in the fifteenth century in Norway; P. E. Müller* (the late Bishop of Seeland) believed it to be more antient by a century, while others attributed it to the thirteenth. It is founded on, and perhaps even translated from, some German traditions as well oral as written; otherwise it is a sort of compilation not exempt from contradictions. The *Wilkina-Saga*, of which there exists an antient Swedish version, that affords variations sufficiently remarkable, was published by Peringskiold, at Stockholm, in 1715, fol. with a translation in Latin and in Swedish.

* Saga—Bibliothek med Amnærkninger og inledende Afhandlinger. Kiobenh. 1817-20. 3 vols. in 12mo. T. 2. 311.

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land, the giant Wade repaired with him to a mountain called Kallova, the interior of which was inhabited by two dwarfs, who were accounted to know how to forge iron better than the other dwarfs, and than ordinary men. They manufactured swords, helmets, and cuirasses; they knew also how to work in gold and silver, and made all sorts of jewellery.

When he had arrived at the mountain inhabited by the dwarfs, Wade agreed with them that they should teach his son Vœlund, in twelve months, the arts they knew, for which they should receive a mark of gold as a recompense.

Vœlund soon learned all that the dwarfs showed him; and when his father reappeared, at the end of twelvemonths, to take him away, the dwarfs offered, in their turn, a mark of gold, and promised to teach his son as much again as he knew already, if he would leave him with them for another twelvemonth. Wade consented; but the dwarfs, afterwards repent having purchased so dearly the services of Vœlund, and add a condition, that if, on a day fixed, Wade did not take away his son, they should be at liberty to kill him. The giant again complied; nevertheless, before he departed, he took his son aside, buried before him a sword, at the foot of the mountain, and said to him: "If I do not come on the day agreed upon, sooner than suffer yourself to be killed by the dwarfs, take this sword, and destroy your own life,

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in order that my friends may be able to say that I had a son in the world, and not a daughter."

Vœlund promised to do so. Afterward he re-entered the mountain, and became so skilful in the art of forging metals, that he excited the jealousy of the dwarfs. At the approach of the stipulated term, Wade, the giant, began his journey, in order not to fail of the day agreed on. He reached the mountain three days before the expiration of the term; it was still closed, and the giant was so much fatigued with his journey that he fell asleep.

During his sleep a violent storm arose, and there was a fall of earth under which Wade was buried. The term being expired, the dwarfs came out of the mountain, and did not see Wade the giant. His son Vœlund, after having sought him in vain, ran to withdraw the sword buried by his father, hid it beneath his garments, and followed the dwarfs into their cavern. There he cut their throats, possessed himself of their tools, loaded a horse with as much gold as he could carry, and retook the way to Denmark.

On his route he arrived at a river named Visara, or Viser-aa. He stopped upon the banks, felled a tree, hollowed it, and deposited his treasures and his provisions in it, and contrived also a place for himself so closed that the water could not penetrate. Having entered it, he let it float toward the sea.

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One day, the king of Jutland, named Nidung, was fishing with all his court, when the fishermen drew up in their nets a large trunk of a tree, singularly hewed. To ascertain what it contained, they were about to cut it to pieces, but all at once a voice issuing from it, commanded the workmen to cease. At this voice all who were assisting took flight, believing that a sorcerer was hidden in the tree.

Vœlund came out of it, he told the king that he was not a magician, and that, if he would spare his life and his treasures, he would render him great services; the king promised he would. Vœlund hid his treasures under ground, and entered the service of Nidung. His office was to take care of three knives that were laid before the king at table.

One day, going to the sea shore to cleanse these knives, Vœlund by accident let one fall, which disappeared in the abyss of waters. Fearing to lose the good graces of the king, his master, he went into the workshop of the king's smith, who was absent, and made a knife perfectly similar to the one he had lost.

When the king used it for the first time, at dinner, this knife cut not only the bread but the wood of the table. Astonished at the extraordinary qualities of this blade, the king desired to know who had forged it. Vœlund, pressed by his questions, confessed all that had occurred.

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The king's smith was extremely jealous of Voelund; he pretended to be able to make quite as good work as this stranger, and was desirous of a trial of skill on the following conditions: "Manufacture (said he to Vœlund) a sword, the best that you can, and I will make a helmet and a cuirass. If it should happen that your sword cuts through my armour, my head shall be yours; but if my armour resist, you shall have forfeited your life; in twelvemonths we will make the proof of our works."

Vœlund accepted the proposition; two men of the court were sureties for the smith; the king offered to be the surety for Vœlund. From that day the smith shut himself up in his workshop with his assistants, to manufacture the armour. On his part, Vœlund, continuing to serve the king, suffered six months to elapse without setting himself to the work; the king asked him the reason; Vœlund confessed that he had not found his tools where he had buried them; and that he suspected a man who had seen him hide them, but of whose name he was ignorant, to have stolen them. The king offered to give orders for all the men in his kingdom to assemble publicly, in order that Vœlund might recognise the offender.

The *Thing*, or public assembly, took place, nevertheless Vœlund could not recognise the thief. The king was angry with him, believing that he had told him a lie. Vœlund then made a human

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figure perfectly similar to the man he suspected to have stolen his tools, painted it of the natural colour, clothed it, and placed it in the great hall of the palace. At the sight of this figure the king exclaimed: "Eh, what! is it you, Reigin, have you returned from your embassy, and have not come to speak with me?"

Vœlund, who had followed the king, said to him: "Sire, you have named the guilty person."

As soon as Reigin returned, the king forced him to restore to Vœlund his tools and his treasures; yet he let four months more pass. At last, pressed by the king, he manufactured, in seven days, a sword which the king much admired. They went with this weapon to the banks of a river. Vœlund caused a piece of wood a foot thick to float down with the current, and held his sword before it; the wood, pushed by the current against the edge of this weapon, was cut in two. On his return home the artisan broke his sword in pieces, and in three days manufactured another, with which he went, accompanied by the king, to the river's edge. He tried it in the same manner against a piece of wood two feet in thickness. The wood was cut in two. Vœlund again broke this blade, as not sufficiently good, and in three hours made a third, encrusted with gold, which he tried as before, but this time the piece of wood was three feet square. The king was charmed with this sword, and declared that he would never have any other.

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The day having arrived when Amilias, the king's smith, and Vœlund, were to prove their arms, the former habited himself in the armour he had constructed, and made his appearance. All who met him were in admiration, and confessed that it was impossible to see better workmanship. The armour was entirely new, and lined with iron; the helmet was exquisitely polished, and very thick. Amilias was flattered with the praise bestowed, and proud of possessing such beautiful armour. When he came to the destined place, he seated himself on a seat which had been prepared for the occasion. The king and his suite having arrived, as well as Vœlund, Amilias told him that he was ready to undergo the trial. Vœlund then went to the forge to get his sword, and, on returning, approached the seat where Amilias was placed, touched the helmet with the edge of the blade, and asked his rival if he felt his sword. "Strike with all your force, and you will see whether you can pierce my armour," replied Amilias.

Vœlund rested the edge on the helmet and cut it; afterwards, approaching the cranium, he asked if Amilias felt it. The answer was, that it seemed as if water was poured upon his head. Then Vœlund, pressing the blade, requested that he would hold himself in readiness; but, before Amilias could pay attention to what he said, the blade passed through his body, and the two halves of Amilias fell from the seat. The crowd exclaimed that the fall of Amilias was a proof that a man

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may be near his end at the moment that he displays the most pride and confidence.

"Now give me the sword, Vœlund," said the king, "I will carry it away and take care of it."

"My liege," replied Vœlund, "I will first clean the blade well, and then place it in your hands." The king having consented, Vœlund returned to the forge, and hid the sword under the bellows; and then took another to place in the king's hands, who imagined it was the same that Vœlund had used in this marvellous exploit. He believed himself the possessor of a precious weapon which had not its fellow in the world.

Sometime afterward he entered into a campaign with thirty thousand knights, against an enemy who had made an inroad into his kingdom; but, on the eve of the battle, Nidung recollected that he had not brought with him a little stone which prevented its possessor from perishing in combat when he bore it about him.

He offered his daughter, and the half of his kingdom to any one who would bring it to him on the morrow. None of the knights would undertake a journey which required many days. The king then addressed himself to Vœlund, who took the fleetest horse he could find, departed, and arrived the next morning with the stone, according to his promise. But, at the moment when he was about to enter the royal tent, he met the king's bailiff, with an escort of six knights, who offered

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him a quantity of gold and silver in exchange for the stone, and, on his refusal the bailiff sought to take it from him by force. Voelund killed him with a stroke of his sword *Mimung*. The king was very glad to receive the magic stone; nevertheless the death of his bailiff angered him so that he refused to keep his promise to Voelund, and ordered him out of his presence.

The smith withdrew, disappeared, and thought of nothing but how to revenge himself. He dressed himself like a cook, and obtained an engagement in the kitchen of king Nidung, and threw a charm over the eatables destined for the princess. At the king's table there was a knife which gave a sound when impure viands were cut with it. Voelund secretly removed this knife and substituted another of a similar form. The princess and the king discovered that Voelund had been playing one of his tricks; he was sought for, and was found. To punish him the king caused his ham-strings and the nerves of his feet to be cut; and from that time Voelund was unable to walk, as long as he lived. By this means the king prevented him from escaping from his kingdom, and would have forced him to work for him alone.

Voelund told the king, that if he would restore him to his favour he would manufacture for him whatever he required. The king consented, had a forge built for him, and placed him in it, and Voelund made for him all sorts of precious things.

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In the meanwhile, Egil, Voelund's brother, came to the king's court; he was the most skilful archer of his time. The king commanded Egil to shoot at, and pierce with an arrow, an apple placed on the head of Egil's own child. He took two arrows struck the apple with one of them, and said that with the other he would have pierced the king if he had had the misfortune to kill his child.

Some time afterward it happened that the king's daughter broke a precious ring; she sent to Voeland requesting him to repair it without the knowledge of her father. Voelund replied that he could not do any work without the king's permission. He insisted that she should come herself. The princess repaired to the forge, and when she had entered, Voelund fastened the door, and violated her person. In the course of time she gave birth to a son.

A short time after this two sons of the king addressed themselves to Voelund in order that he might make them some arrows. He repeated to them that he could work for no one but the king, but he induced them to come again to him, walking backwards, which they did. When they had entered, he again fastened the door of the forge, killed the two princes, and buried their bodies. When, on the morrow, enquiry was made whether the two princes had not been at his dwelling, he answered, that they had come, but that they had gone away to hunt in the forest, and he shewed

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the print of their footsteps in the snow. He then took their skulls, made drinking cups of them, fashioned their bones into salt-cellars and other vases, mounting them artistically in gold and silver, and gave the whole to the king, who, not having any suspicion, was proud of such beautiful ornaments for his table at his feasts.

Voelund, the smith, had thus revenged himself of the despite with which he had been treated; he had deprived the king of his sons, he had caused him to drink out of their sculls, and, besides, the daughter of Nidung was pregnant by him.

He could not doubt that the king would put him to death if he became acquainted with these facts. He requested his brother, therefore, to furnish him with feathers of all sizes. Egil went into the woods, killed all sorts of birds, and brought the feathers to Voelund. With them Voelund made himself wings resembling those of a great bird of prey. The brothers met together in the forge, Voelund gave the wings to Egil, and requested him to take them with him to the mountain, to attach them to himself, and to try to fly. Egil enquired how he must proceed to raise himself in the air, and to re-descend to the earth when he desired to do so. Voelund replied, that he must spread the wings, and direct himself against the wind, and that then he would fly like the swiftest bird. When Egil essayed to do so, he fell, and narrowly escaped breaking his neck; he returned

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to his brother, and when he was asked whether the wings were good, he answered: "If it was as easy to descend with your wings as to fly with them, I should have passed into another country, and you would have never seen them again."

Voelund said he would correct this defect; he then requested Egil to tell the king's daughter to come to him, which his brother accordingly did. When she came to the forge they conversed together a long time. Voelund communicated to her the resolution he had taken, he predicted that she would give birth to a son; he exhorted her to bring him up with care, and when he was old enough to bear arms, to tell him to go in quest of the arms which his father had prepared for him.

Before they separated, they mutually promised each other upon oath not to have any other husband or wife. It is related that Voelund then ascended to the roof of his house, took the wings, prepared himself, and at last ascended into the air. He said to his brother: "If you are called upon to shoot at me, you will aim at this bladder which I have filled with the blood of the sons of King Nidung, and which I have fastened under my left arm. When flying away he confessed to his brother that he had misdirected him in the mode of managing the wings, because he was suspicious of him.

Voelund flew up on the highest tower, and cried out with all his might for the king to come and

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speak with him. On hearing his voice the king came out, and said, "Voelund, have you become a bird? What is your project?"—"My lord," replied the smith, "I am at present bird and man at once; I depart, and you will never see me again in your life. Nevertheless, before I go, I will reveal to you some secrets. You cut my ham-strings to prevent me from going, and I revenged myself upon your daughter, who is with child by me. You would have deprived me of the use of my feet, and, in my turn, I have deprived you of your sons, whose throats I cut with my own hand; but you will find their bones in the vases garnished with gold and silver with which I have ornamented your table." Having said these words Voelund disappeared in the air. Then the king said to Egil: "Take your bow, and shoot at him, the villain must not escape alive; if you miss him your head shall pay the forfeit." Egil took his bow, shot, and the arrow struck Voelund under the left arm, so that the blood descended upon the earth. "It is good," said the king, "Voelund cannot go far." Nevertheless he flew into Seeland, descended in a wood, where he constructed himself a dwelling.

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SECTION II.

CONTINUATION OF THE PRECEDING.

STORY OF MIMER.

THE adventures of Weland, and of the princess Vidga in Islandic, Virgar in the ballads of the Faroe isles, and Wittich in German, are recounted at length in the romance of Dietrich, or Theodoric, of Berne.[1] Wittich became one of the heroes of the court of Dietrich, and appears with the sword Mimine, or Mimung, forged by his father, likewise with a beautiful helmet on which is figured a serpent. He has for armorial bearings a hammer and pincers, emblematic of his father's occupation. By the aid of his sword he does many acts of prowess, and when, pursued by King Dietrich, he cannot escape, he plunges into the sea. According to the Swedish version in the Wilkina-Saga, his grandmother, the *haffru*, then appears to him, and conducts him safe and sound into Seeland, where he flourishes for a long time.

As we shall here only occupy ourselves about Weland, we shall omit what is related about his son, which was probably of later invention, in order to

[1] It is the same Saga as the Wilkina-Saga. A Danish version has recently appeared.

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connect the old smith of the north to a romance of chivalry of the middle ages.

If we compare the *Voelundr-quida* with the Wilkina-Saga, laying aside the form, which is concise and poetic in the one, prosaic and narrative in the other, we see that the primitive story was not faithfully followed in the subsequent ages. The old chants connected Weland to the mythology by giving him for wife one of the Valkyrie, the daughters of destiny or of war. They feign that it was a Swedish king who carried off the smith, and that it was by order of the queen that Weland is maimed and imprisoned in an island. They rudely sketch, and in few words, the artisan's vengeance. It is the same with his departure. Perhaps the lost chants dwelt more largely on these details.

The Wilkina-Saga abandons the link which unites Weland to the mythic beings. It attributes to him great skill, and a tincture of magic, but without making him an elf, or supernatural being, and it is by mechanic expedients that it explains his flight into the air and his escape. It gives him a giant for his father, and does not mention his marriage. It relates his sojourn with the dwarfs of the mountain, of which the chants make no mention. It makes him come voluntarily, and in a singular manner to King Nidung, who is no longer a king of Nerika in Sweden, but a king of Jutland.

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What it relates of the contest between Weland and the king's armourer, of his combat with the king's cup-bearer or bailiff, is wanting in the Edda; it assigns a different motive for his mutilation by order of the king; brings in Egil, Weland's brother, and enlarges upon the means Weland took for his escape. While the Voelundr-quida does not mention these any more than the adventures of his son.

The memory of this mysterious armourer lives also in the popular songs of the Danes in the Middle Ages,[2] but as the ballad makers have only drawn from the sources we have indicated, it is useless to analyse them.

In the popular songs of the Swedes there remains also some traces of the adventures of Weland.[3] They sing of Vallavan, king of Mercia, who, to possess a female that he loved, gave her a soporific potion, like as Velund gives one to Baudvilde in the Edda. He afterwards carries her off in his ship, and lives with her in another

[2] . . . Verland heder han Fader mìn,
En Smed var han saa skjœn
Bodild hedte min Moder
En Kongedatter ven.

(Udvalgte danske Viser fra Middelalderen, &c., af Abrahamson Nycrup og Rahbek). 5 vols. 12mo. Kiobenh. 1812-21. p. 28. Vol. 1.

[3] Svenska folkvisor: utgivne af Geijer och Afzelius. Stockholm, 1814-16, 3 vols. 8vo. T. ii. p. 174-175.

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country. In Iceland, the name of Weland is attached to works of superior skill,[4] a labyrinth is called a Weland-house.

The Swedes and the Danes dispute for the smith. The former show a rock-cavern called Verlehall, in the island of a lake in the district of Kumevald, as having been his workshop,[5] and they point out as his tomb some huge stones near Sisebeck in Scania,[6] the district of Vaetland has in its public seal a hammer and pincers, and they pretend to have derived these insignia from the famous smith.[7]

On the other hand, the village of Veller-by, in the Ballivate of Aarhus in Jutland, lays claim to the possession of his tomb.[8]

The Sagas make mention of Mimer as having been the master of Weland. The swords of his fabrication are equally celebrated in the romances of the middle ages. They relate also some of his adventures. His brother, whom the Sagas call

[4] . . . . Voelundi apud Islandos nomen etiam nunc pro magno artifice sumitur: quando dicimus: *Hann er Voelundr a jarn-ó-gull oc silfr*, &c., ferri, auri, et argenti elaborandi insignis artifex."—Note of the Editors of the Edda of Sœmund, part ii. p. 14. note 30.

[5] Geijer, *Swea Rikes Hæfder*. Upsal, 1825. 8vo. Tom. i. p. 118.

[6] Bring, *Monumenta Scan.* 1598, pp. 36, 302.

[7] *Ibid.*

[8] Erich Pontoppidan, *Danske Atlas*, fortsat af Hans de Hofman. Kiobenh. 1763-74. 7 Vols. 4to. Tom. iv. p. 857.

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Reigin, (a name which we have already seen in the romance of Weland,) being addicted to magic, is changed into a serpent, and infests the forest. Sigurd, a pupil of Mimer, is sent by the malicious smith into the woods, to be destroyed by the monster, but contrives to kill the serpent; he rubs his skin with the blood of the reptile, and it is changed into a kind of horny substance, which causes him to be called the horned Sigfrid. On his return to the forge he kills Mimer, who thought to appease him by giving him a superb suit of armour, with a helmet and shield, and a sword of excellent temper; the other smiths take to flight.

It is to be remarked that this Mimer is likewise represented as a skilful smith and armourer, but full of cunning and malevolence. It is a character modelled on that of Weland.

SECTION III.

ANGLO-SAXON AND ENGLISH TRADITIONS.

In England the antient poetry and the local traditions make it manifest that the wonders of Weland's art were known, admired and celebrated, and that the dwelling of the skilful artisan had even been transported to English soil.

An Anglo-Saxon poem of which fragments only

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exist, retraced, as it appears, the adventures of Weland, very much as they are told in the Edda. The fragments which remain, paint the grief of Beadohilde or Baudvilde, daughter of King Nithhad (the Niduth of the Edda)[1], on account of her

[1] Weland him be wurman wræces cunnade, anhydig eorl earfortha dreag hæfde him to gesiththe sorge and longath, winter cealde, wræce wean oft onfond, siththan hine Nithhad on nede legde swoncre seono-bende Onsyllan mon.
Thæs ofereode thisses swa mæg.

Weland himself the *worm of exile proved,* the *firm-soul'd chief hardships endur'd, had for his company sorrow and weariness, winter-cold exile, affliction often suffer'd when that on him Nithad constraint had laid, with a tough sinew-band* th' *unhappy man.*
That he *surmounted so may* I *this.*

Beadohilde ne wæs hyre brothra death on sefan swa sár swa hyre sylfre thing thæt heo gearolice ongieten hæfde thæt heo eacen wæs æfre ne meahte thriste gethencan, hu ymb thæt sceolde,
Thæs ofereode thises swa mæg.

To Beadohilde her brothers' death was not in mind so painful as her own mischance, when she for certain had discover'd that she was pregnant: never could she confidently think how as to that it *could be.*
That she *surmounted so may* I *this.*

Codex Exoniensis, p. 377.

Mr. Thorpe observes:—In this, probably the older story, it is said that Nithhad merely bound Weland with a thong,

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own condition and the state to which her father had reduced the unfortunate Weland.

It is to be regretted that we have not the entire poem, it would probably have afforded interesting pictures of some of the incidents which are only indicated in the Edda.

In another Anglo-Saxon poem, that which has been named Beowulf, which is supposed to be of the seventh or eighth century, a hero leaves to Higelak one of his companions, his best suit of armour, the work of Weland.[2]

King Alfred in translating into Anglo-Saxon the Consolations of Philosophy of Boetius, thus paraphrases a passage in which the author alludes to the bones of the celebrated Roman consul Fabricius: "Where are now the bones of the wise Weland, the goldsmith who was formerly most famous?"[3]

while the Edda, magnifying the evil, informs us that he severed the tendons of his knees. This, as tales are wont to gain by transmission, speaks strongly in favour of the greater antiquity of the Saxon over the Norsk version of the Weland mishap.—Ibid p. 526.

[2] On-send Higelâce — *Send back to Higelac,*
(gif mec hild nime) — *if the war should take me,*
beadu-scrúda betst — *the best of war-shrouds*
thæt mine breóst wereth, — *that guards my breast,*
hrægla sélest, — *the most excellent vesture,*
thæt is Hrædlan láf — *that is the legacy of Hrædla,*
Welandes ge-weorc. — *the work of Weland.*

Beowulf, VI. v. 898, &c.

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In a Latin poem by Geoffrey of Monmouth, who lived in the twelfth century, Rhydderic, King of Cumberland, among other objects to amuse and calm the wandering mind of Merlin, causes to be brought precious stones and cups sculptured by Weland[4] (Guieland).

[3] . . . Ubi nunc sunt ossa Fabricii jacent? *Boetii de Consolat. Philos.* L. ii. metr. vii. v. 15.

The passage is thus paraphrased by King Alfred:

Hwær sint nu thæs wisan	*Where are now the wise*
Welandes ban,	*Weland's bones?*
thæs goldsmithes	*the goldsmith*
the wæs geo mærost.	*that was formerly most famous.*

The passage was first pointed out by Mr. Conybeare. *Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon poetry*, 1826, p. 236. See Rawlinson's edition of *Alfred's Boetius*, 1698, 8vo. p. 162, col. 1; and Mr. Fox's edition of *the Metres of K. Alfred's A. S. version of Boetius*, 1835, 8vo. p. 40.

[4] . . . Afferique jubet vestes, volucresque canesque,
Quadrupedesque citos, aurum gemmasque micantes,
Pocula quæ sculpsit Guielandus in urbe Sigeni.*

It is the king of Cumberland, Rhydderic, who causes these vases and other objects to be brought to quiet the distraught mind of Merlin, in a Latin poem by Geoffrey of Monmouth, *Vita Merlini*, first mentioned by Ellis' Specimens of Early Romances. 1811. Vol. i. p. 87. The poem has since been printed under the care of Mr. Black, for the Roxburgh Club.

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* The allusion is here thought to be to the town of Siegen in Germany, celebrated for its iron-works.

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In an English metrical romance of the fourteenth century, Rimnild gives to Horn a sword named *Bitterfer*, the king of swords, and she tells him Weland wrought it, and better sword never bare knight.[5]

[5] Than sche lete forth bring
A swerde hongand by a ring,
To Horn sche it bitaught:
It is the make of Miming,
Of all swerdes it is king,
And Weland it wrought.
Bitterfer the swerd hight,
Better swerd bar never knight.
Horn, to thé ich it thought;
Is nought a knight in Inglond
Schal sitten a dint of thine hond,
Forsake thou it nought.

Horn childe and maiden Rimnild. Poem of the fourteenth century, printed by Ritson. Antient Engleish Metrical Romanceës, Lond. 1802. Vol. iii. p. 295.

Since the publication of this Dissertation in 1833, the Romance of Torrent of Portugal has been printed by Mr. Halliwell from a MS. in the Chetham Library at Manchester; in which the following notice of our smith, and his skill as a forger of swords, occurs.

The Kyng of Pervense seyd, "So mot I thé
Thys seson yeftles schalle thow not be,
Have here my ryng of gold;
My sword that so wylle ys wrowyt,
A better than yt know I nowght
Within Crystyn mold."

"Yt ys ase glemyrryng ase the glase,
Thorow *Velond* wroght it wase,
Better ys non to hold.

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Such was the renown acquired by the works of Weland, and especially the arms he made. We shall now see the famous artisan under another guise.

In a vale in Berkshire, at the foot of White Horse Hill,[6] and in the midst of a heap of rude stones fixed in the earth, according to tradition, formerly dwelt a person called Wayland Smith; no one ever saw him, but when his services were required to shoe a horse, it sufficed to leave the horse among the stones, and to place on one of the stones a piece of money. When a reasonable time had elapsed the horse was found to be shod and the piece of money gone. The reader need not be reminded of the use Sir Walter Scott has made of the tradition in the Wayland Smith of his Kenilworth.

The rude stones which were scattered over the

> I have syne sum tyme in lond;
> Loke thaw hold yt with fulle hond,
> Whoso had yt of myn hond,
> I fawght therfor I told."
>
> Tho wase Torrent blythe and glad,
> The good swerd ther he had,
> The name wase Adolake.
>
> *Torrent of Portugal, a Metrical Romance.* London. 1843. 8vo. p. 19.

[6] Wise's Letter to Dr. Mead on some Antiquities in Berkshire—the White Horse, &c., 4to. 1738. Further Observations on the White Horse in Berkshire, &c. 4to. 1742.

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Vale of White Horse, had been erected by the hand of man. They were such Druidic monuments as were found in many places of Great Britain and France, and which disappear gradually as agriculture advances. Documents are wanting which might inform us how the Scandinavian legend of Weland came to be attached to this locality.

SECTION IV.

GERMAN TRADITIONS.

It appears that the Germans knew and sung the adventures of Weland at a very early period. He was called by them Wieland, and must have been the subject of a poem, which is unfortunately lost. No mention is made of him in the great Epopea of the *Nibelungen*, but his son Wittich [1] is spoken of; and that the romance of the Nibelungen was known in the north, is apparent, because Weland, in the chant of the Edda makes allusion to the treasures of the mountains of the Rhine,[2] and, according to

[1] Do gedahte si vil tiure an Nidunges tot:
Den het erschlagen Wittege; davon so het si iamers not.
Der Nibelungen Lied. heransgegeben von Fr. H. von der Hagen. Bresl. 1820. verse 6811-12.

[2] See the *Voelundr-quida* in the notes to Sect. I.

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the great German epic the treasure of the Nibelungen was sunk in that river.

It is in the romance of Dietrich of Bern that we find the adventures of Wieland, there the story is the same as in the Scandinavian Sagas. Wieland is represented as the son of the giant Wade, who himself owes his birth to a sea-sprite named Wachitt. Wieland learns the art of a smith from Mimer, a skilful workman, and afterwards of the dwarfs, who perfect him in all that relates to the operations of the forge, of armoury, and goldsmiths' work. Wieland goes to King Nidung; where he finds another skilful smith, Amilias; with whom he contends, and kills him with his sword Mimung. To punish him for having deprived him of so skilful a workman, King Nidung causes Wieland to be maimed.

Wieland revenges himself by killing the two sons of the king, and by deflowering his daughter. Subsequently he escapes, or rather he takes flight, having made himself wings of feathers.

Of the secret union of Wieland and the king's daughter Wittich is the fruit, who, being arrived at the age of adolescence, solicits his father for a suit of knightly armour. Wieland forges one for him, and being possessed of this armour Wittich repairs to the court of Dietrich of Bern, [Theodoric of Verona,] where he signalizes himself by his exploits. This is the mode in which the Scan-

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dinavian tradition agrees with the Germanic romance of Dietrich of Bern.[3]

In another German poem Wieland is represented as a duke who has been driven from his country by giants, and is obliged to become a smith, at first in the service of King Elberich; afterwards he retreats to the Caucasian mountains; at last he repairs to King Hertwich or Hertnitt, and entertains a secret commerce with the daughter of this king, by whom he has two sons, both of them named Wittich.[4]

William Grimm thinks that these details have been borrowed from the poem which is lost, in which the adventures of the celebrated smith were sung.

The pretended King Elberich is no other than the dwarf Alfrick, who, according to the *Wilkina-Saga*, fabricated under ground the dazzling sword

[3] See the poem of *Dieteric von Bern*, Nuremburg, 1661. 8vo. and Von der Hagen, *Heldenbuch*. Vol. i.

[4] Wittich eyn Held. Wittich owe syn Bruoder. Wielant was der zweyer Wittich vatter; Ein hertzog ward vertriben von zweyen Riszen die gewunnen jm syn land ab. Do kam er zuo armuot. Und darnach kam er tzuo Künig Elberich, und ward syn gesell. Und war auch ein Schmid in dem Berg zuo Gloggen-sachszen (Causab). Darnach kam er zuo Künig Hertwich (Hertnitt) und by des tochter machet er zwen sune.

Fragment in the Supplement to the *Heldenbuch*, printed in 1509.

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of Ekkesahs, furnished with a pommel of gold, as transparent as glass.

The poem on Frederic of Suabia celebrates Wieland as an amorous adventurer. He had long sought his beloved Angelburga, of whom he was enamoured without having seen her. Chance at length leads him to the spot where he is to find the object of his desires. He perceives three doves which alight near a spring, on touching the earth they are metamorphosed into maidens. They undress themselves, and plunge into the water; Wieland, furnished with a root which renders invisible the person who bears it about him, approaches to the banks of the spring, and carries off their clothes. The maidens, not being able to re-dress themselves, utter loud cries of terror. Wieland ceases to be invisible, and promises to return them their clothes if one of them will accept him for a husband; a sense of shame obliges them to accept this condition; they leave the choice to Wieland, who gives the preference to Angelburga: it was the beauty he had so long sought.[5]

[5] German poem of the fourteenth century, on Frederick of Suabia, published by Græter in his miscellany, entitled *Bragur*. Lieps. 1800. 8vo. Vol. vi. p. 204.

Dr. K. H. Hermes, in Von der Hagen's Jahrbuch für Deutsche Sprache und Alterthumskunde, Bd. vii. 1846, p. 95, has also given an Account of the Metrical Romance of Friedrich von Schwaben, in which is interwoven an imitation of some of the adventures of Wieland with the three

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This tradition is, as we see, an alteration of that of the Edda, where Wieland and his two brothers surprise three maidens in swan-robes, and who are spinning on the borders of a lake in the solitary Wulfdale.

The arms of Wieland were celebrated in Germany as well as in the North. In the poem of Dietrich of Bern, one of the heroes makes an eulogy on a helmet fabricated by Wieland; a king had sent it from beyond the seas; it was a masterpiece of art; it was hard as the diamond; no weapon was able to pierce it; it was as resplendent as gold; it was fastened by a clasp of the same metal. Twelve master-smiths had worked at this helmet during an entire year.[6]

Valkyrie. The hero, Friedrich, assuming the name of the cunning Smith of the North, when sent to assist the Princess Osaun von Pravant against her formidable enemy Arnolt der Wutzich of Norway, upon being asked his name, he answers:

Ich bin genant *Wieland*
Und hab manich land erkannt
Und rait ainer abentür nach,
Der ist mir vil gach.

[6] Er (Ecke) sprach helt wiltu mich bestan
Den helm un den ich auf han
Den wirck Willant mit sitten
In sant ein Konick her uber mer
Erfacht ein Konick reich mit der wer
Guldein ist er an mitten
Nun loss dir von dein helm sagn
Ob dich darnach belange

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The poem on Biterolf first vaunts the sword which this hero bore, and which was named *Schritt;* it was a weapon without defect and without an equal; it had been fashioned by a skilful smith called *Mimer the old,* who dwelt at Azzaria, twenty miles from Toledo. This workman had no rival but Hertrich in Gascony, and afterwards Wieland, who had made the excellent sword as well as the helmet borne by his son, the hero Witega, the Wittich of the preceding traditions. The two first named artisans manufactured afterwards twelve swords; Wieland made a thirteenth

Er ist so maisterlich beslagn
Guldein sint jm sein spange
Dar jn verwurckt ein wurmes schal
Wie vil man swert drauf schlechte
Da von gewint er dach kein mal.

Er ist als ein adamant
In wurck ein Krych mit seyner hant
Maysterlich als er wolte
Er ist alle missetat
Ein Krich in vmb fangen hot
Das er laucht jn dem golde
Das ich dir sag vnd das ist er (lege war)
Er ist gar schon on mossen
Zwelff mayster wol ein gantzes jar
Do ob dem helm sassen,
Ir lon der was so wol gethan
Vonn keyner hande woffen
Wirst nit wunt kuner mun.

Dietrich von Bern. cited by Grimm. Die Deutsche Heldensage, p. 226.

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named *Mimunc*. To bear one of these swords it was necessary to be a prince, or the son of a prince.[7] The poet says he had read all this in a

[7] Er (Biterolf) hæt ein swert, daz was guot, Daz im den sin und den muot
Vil dicke tiuret sêre, sin lop und ouch sîn êre,
Des half daz wâfen alle zît, er kam nie en deheinen strît,
Es gestuont im alsô, daz sîn der recke wære frô.
Schrit was daz swert genant, diu mære tuon ich in bekant.
An einem buoche hôrt ich sagen, der swerte wurden driu geslagen
Von einem smittmeister guot, der beide sin unde muot
Dar an wande sêre, daz man in den landen mêre
Sô stætes niht enfunde; wan er den listen wol kunde
Baz dan anders ieman dâ. Er saz in Azzarîâ,
Von Tolêt zweinzec mile. Er hæt ouch è der wîle
Der swerte mêre geslagen. Sinen namen wil ich iu sagen:
Er hiez Mîme der alte. Sin kunst vil manigen valte,
Der lenger wære wol genesen und des tôdes muoste wesen
Von der swerte krefte. Zuo siner meisterschefte
Ich nieman kan gelîchen in allen fursten rîchen
An einen, den ich iu nenne, daz man in dar bî erkenne:
Der was Hertrîch genant unde saz in Wasconilant.
Durch ir sinne craft sô hæten sie geselleschaft
An werke und an allen dingen; si mohten wol volbringen
Swaz in ze tuone geschach. Swie vil man starker liste jach
Wielande, der da worhte ein swert, daz unervorhte
Witege der helt truoc, und einen helm guot genuoc
Der dâ Limme was genant; ouch worht er allez daz gewant
Daz zuo dem swerte wol gezam; Witege truoc ez âne scham
Der êren ingesinde. Er hæt ez sînem kinde
Geworht sô er beste mohte; dan noch im niht dohte
Daz er an disem mære sô wol gelobt wære
Als Mîme und Hertrîch. Ir kunst was vil ungelîch
Die rede bescheid ich iu: der swerte wâren zwelfiu,

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book. This book was probably of very antient date.[8]

The following legend will show that a similar tradition to that which was current in Berkshire is still prevalent in Lower Saxony, from which we may conclude that it was imported and localised by our Saxon ancestors.

The Smith of the Hill.

Two miles from Osnabrück is situate a mountain which formerly must have had rich mines of gold and silver. The inhabitants of the environs relate many wonders respecting an extensive cavern which exists there. On the rough side of the mountain, where the forest-way through the vale passes to the village of Hagen, dwelt for many years a smith who was not like other men in his time, but notwithstanding furnished the best smiths-work. He

Diu sluogen diese zwêne man, als ich in kunt han getân;
Daz drîzehend sluoc Wielant, dez was Mîminc genant.
Daz buoch hœren wir sagen, diu swert torste niemant tragen,
Er wær fürst oder fürsten kint.

Biterolf. cited by Grimm. Die Deutsche Heldensage, p. 146.

[8] Grimm, D. H. S. p. 148, remarks that the tale of Biterolf about the three armourers somewhat resembles the old romance of Fierabras, where three armourers are also mentioned who fabricated wonderful swords. See the extract from that romance in Sect. v.

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was a faithful husband, a careful father to his children and his household, kind to strangers, and never turned away a poor wanderer from his door. One Sunday it happened as the smith's wife was returning through the village from church she was struck dead by lightning. Thereupon the smith cried out in desperation, and murmured against God himself, would receive no consolation, nor even see his children any more.

About a year after he fell into a deadly sickness, and, at his last hour, there came to him a strange man of venerable appearance with a long white beard, who carried him off into the cavernous cleft of the old mountain, that, as a punishment of his crime, and for the purification of his soul, he might there wander and be a metal-king, until the mine should cease to be productive; moreover he was to rest by day, and labour at night, in his wonted art, for the benefit of his earthly brethren.

In the cool mine his benevolent good disposition returned. He knew full well that gold and silver are not necessary to happiness, therefore he laboriously drew even from the most slender veins the useful iron ore, from which at first he forged household and agricultural implements. Latterly he confined his labours to the shoeing of horses only. In front of the cavern was a stake fixed in the ground, to which the country people tied horses they wished to have shod, but it was also necessary for them not to neglect to lay the usual fee for the

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labour on a large stone which was to be found on the spot. The *Hiller*, for so they called the smith, would never be seen by any one, nor would he be disturbed in his cavern.

Once upon a time a venturesome fellow, out of covetousness, undertook to enter the cavern. He collected an armful of green twigs, lighted his miner's-lamp, and stepped forward under the high dark roof of the cavern. There it was difficult for him to choose his way, for passages turned to the right and to the left. By good luck he chose the way to the right. His stock of green twigs, with which he purposed to strew the way to enable him to return, was soon exhausted, and he would not return to fetch more.

At last he came to a lofty iron door at the end of the passage; this, however, gave him but little trouble: two vigorous strokes with his axe and the door flew wide open, but the blast of air blew out his miner's lamp. "Do but come in!" cried a shrill screeching voice, whose sound went to his soul; half stupefied he stepped forward. From the vaulted roof and the side walls was reflected a wondrous light, on the massy pillars and sides of the cavern hovered about strange convulsive images like shadows; the Metal-king in the midst of deformed spirits of the mine; his servants, ranged on both sides, sat on long beams of massive silver amidst splendidly shining heaps of gold; they might perhaps have been carousing.

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"Now come in, friend!" once again screamed out the voice; "take your place at my side." There was a vacant seat there, but as the fellow seemed not to like it at all, the voice shouted: "Wherefore then so afraid? take courage, no harm shall happen to thee; as thou camest so will we send thee back. Yet we will give thee good advice by the way; provided thou attendest to it thou mayest yet save something, where otherwise all would be lost. Step on this table." Pale as death, tremblingly the fellow stepped up.

"Discontent about the decline of thy fortunes has misled thee, that thou hast taken extravagant courses, neglected thy labour, and seekest after forbidden treasure. Change thy headstrong disposition, so mayest thou transmute stones into gold; abandon thy pride, so mayest thou have plenty of gold and silver in thy chests and cupboards. Thou wouldst gather unbounded treasure at once, without labour, think how hazardous that is, and how often it miscarries. Dig thy field and garden thoroughly, manure thy meadow and pasture land, so will't thou create for thyself a true gold and silver mine."

When the Metal-king had finished speaking, there arose a croak like that of ravens, and a hissing and hooting like screech-owls, and a storm blast rushed against the man and drove him forcibly and irresistibly through the obscure damp passage out of the cave. The fellow, when he once again

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luckily found himself at liberty, vowed that he would act according to the advice of the old Hiller, but never again visit his cavernous retreat.

Some say, that at last the Hiller's wayward humour returned, that he was no more obliging and serviceable to the country folk, but that he often hurled from on high red-hot ploughshares, and therewith kept the peasants in anxiety and terror without cause, wherefore they conjectured that there would soon be an end to him and to the silver-mine.

Sagen Märchen und Legenden Niedersachens gesammelt von Herrmann Harrys. Celle. 1840. 12mo. p. 59, erste Lieferung.

SECTION V.

FRENCH TRADITIONS.

In France the artistic reputation of Wieland has been proverbial, like that of Solomon.[1] In the poem of *Gautier à la main forte*, composed in the sixth century by Gerald, as it appears, a monk of Fleury,

[1] . . . As estriès s'apuia del oevre *Salemon*.
Rom. di Fierabras. MS. de la Bibl. Roy. suppl. Français, No. 180, fol. 233, col. 2, v. 33.

En mi lu nef trovat un lit
Dont li peçun è li limun
Furent al overe *Salemun*

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or by Ekhard IV., monk of St. Gall, it is said of Walter de Vaskastein, that if in a combat his

Tailliés à or et à trifoire
De cifres et de blanc ivoire.

Lai de Gugemer, v. 172. *Poesie de Murie de France*, T. i. p. 62.

Puis si l'ont enterré les l'autel Saint Simon
En. j. sarcu de marbre fait par devision,
La lame en fu taillie de l'uevre *Salemon*.
Sor l'or dos le sostienent. iiij. petit gaignon.

Roman du Chevalier au Cygne, MS. de la Bib. Roy. suppl. Français. No. 540. s. fol. 37. vo. col. 2. v. 4.

Quant Godefrois li ber fu entrés el donjon
Qui estoit paintures de l'uevres *Salemon*.

Id. ibid. fol. 49, vo. col. 2. v. 22.

Li dus ot. j. capel qui n'ert pas de coton ;
Entor avoit. j. cercle de l'uevre *Salemon*.

Id. ibid. fol. 56, verso col. i. v. 28.

Et saisist le destrier, s'est montés en l'arcon
De fin or tresjeté de l'uevre *Salemon*.

Id. ibid. fol. 139, vo. col. 2. v. 39.

Et li rice aulmaine sist desor. j. tolon
Qui toz ert de fin or de l'uevre *Salemon*.

Id. ibid. fol. 177, vo. col. 1. v. 3.

Après cels s'adouba dans Robers li Frison ;
Cil ert sires de Flandres et del regne environ ;
Il laça unes cauces plus clères que laiton
Puis vesti en son dos. j. auberc fremellon,
Et laça. j. vert elme de l'uevre *Salemon*.

Id. ibid. fol. 182, recto col. 1, v. 25.

This tradition is originally from the East. See the *Bibliotheque Orientale* of d'Herbelot. v. SOLIMAN, and *les Monuments Arabes Persans et Turcs du Cabinet de M. le Duc de Blacas*, &c. par Reinaud. Paris, 1828. 8vo. T. i. p. 162 et seq.

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cuirass, made by Wieland, had not defended him, the lance of Randolf would have penetrated his entrails.[2]

In a chronicle of the Counts of Angoulesme written in the twelfth century by the monk Aldhemar, of Chabannes, it is related that the Count William received the name of *Taillefer*, for that in a battle against the Normans, he had, to finish it, engaged in single combat against their king, and that at one single stroke he cut in two his body and cuirass, with his sword *Durissima*, made by the smith *Walander*.[3]

Ordinarily he is designated by the name of *Galland*.

John, a monk of Marmoutier, in a description

[2] . . . Ecce repentino Randolf athleta cavallo
Prevertens reliquos hunc importunus adivit;
Et nisi duratis Wielandia fabrica giris
Obstaret, spisso penetraverit ilia ligno.
MS. Bibl. Roy. No. 8488 A. Colb. 6388, fol. 23 vo. v. 19.

It is of the twelfth century, bears the name of Gerald, and finishes with this inscription in characters of the same date: *Explicit liber Tifridi episcopi crassi de civitate nulla.* The poem which it contains has been published at Leipsic by F. C. J. Fischer, under the title: *De prima expeditione Attilæ regis Hunnorum in Gallias ac de rebus gestis Waltharii Aquitanorum principis carmen epicum.* Sæc. VI. &c. in 4to. 1780. The passage cited will be found at p. 53. v. 958.

[3] Wilelmus quoque Sector ferri (qui hoc cognomen indeptus est, quòd commisso prælio cum Nortmannis, et neutrâ parte cedente, posterâ die pacti causâ cum rege eorum

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of the fêtes given at Rouen by Geoffroi le Bel, or Geoffrey Plantagenet, Duke of Normandy, and count of Anjou and of Maine, when he was knighted in 1126, speaks of the magnificent habits of this prince, of his gennet of Spain, of his helmet, of his shield, of his ashen-lance pointed with iron of Poitiers, &c.; and then continues, "They brought him a sword, taken from the royal treasury, and long since renowned. *Galannus*, the most skilful of armourers, had employed much care and labour in making it."[4] There is no doubt that the *Galannus* who had made the sword of Geoffrey Plantagenet, is identical with the *Walander* whose master-piece was possessed by William Taillefer.

Storim singulari conflictu deluctans, ense curto nomine Durissimo, quem Walander faber cuserat, per media pectoris secuit simul cum thorace una percussione), &c.

Chronicon Ademaris Chabannensis monachi sancti Eparchi Engolismensis a principio monarchiæ Franciæ ad annum CIↃXXIX. ap. Labbe, *Novæ Bibliothecæ manuscript. librorum tomussecundus*, &c. Paris. 1657. fol. p. 167. l. 3.

[4] Andegavensi verò adductus est miri decoris equus Hispaniensis, qui tantæ, ut aiunt, velocitatis erat, ut multæ aves in volando eo tardiores essent. Induitur lorica incomparabili, quæ maculis duplicibus intexta, nullius lanceæ vel jaculi cujuslibet ictibus transforabilis haberetur. Calceatus est calceis ferreis et maculis itidem duplicibus compactis; calcaribus aureis pedes ejus adstricto sunt. Clypeus leunculos aureos imaginarios habens collo ejus suspenditur; imposita est capiti ejus cassis multo lapide pretioso relucens, quæ tales temperaturæ erat; ut nullius ensis acumine incidi vel falsificari valeret. Allata est ei hasta fraxinea

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If we now pass from history to fiction, we shall everywhere find traces of the reputation of Wieland in the romances of chivalry compiled in France during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. According to the romance of Raoul de Cambrai and his nephew Bernier, Louis IV. surnamed *d'Outremer*, girded Raoul with a magnificent sword which had been forged in a dark cavern by *Galans*.[5] In the romance of *Ogier le Danois*, by Raymbert of

ferrum pictavense prætendens. Ad ultimum allatus est ei ensis de thesauro regio ab antiquo ibidem signatus, in quo fabricando fabrorum superlativus Galannus multa opera et studio desudavit.

Joannis monachi Majoris-Monasterii Historiæ Gaufredi ducis Normannorum et comitis Andegavorum, Turonorum et Cænomannorum libri duo. In the *Recueil des Historiens des Gaules et de la France.* T. xii. p. 511. c.

Warton cites Hoveden, f. 444. ii. sect. 50, for the facts contained in this extract, and has been followed by Conybeare and the Editors of Edda, but M. Fr. Michel says he has sought for it in Hoveden in vain. M. Thierry in his *Histoire de la conquête de l'Angleterre par les Normands*, 1830, T. ii. p. 391, has used the text of the monk of Marmoutier; but has strangely said that Galand was the most celebrated workman of the time of Henry I.

[5] . . . Li rois li çaint l'espée fort et dure;
D'or fu li pons et toute la hendure,
Et fu forgie en une combe oscure.
Galans la fist, qui toute i mist sa cure.
Fors Durendal, qui fu li esliture,
De toutes autres fu eslite la pure
Arme; en ce mont contre li rien ne dure.
MS. de la Bib. Roy. No. 8201, fol. 6, vo. v. 19.

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Paris, Sadoyne hangs at his side a sword from the forge of *Galant;* Brehus, of the country of the valley *Secrois*, King of the *Saisnes*, and admiral of the Persians, girt a sword obtained from the treasury of *Pharaoh*, and made in the isle of *Mascon*, by *Galans:* and a little after the same hero reappears again on the scene with a sword that *Galans* made in the isle of *Persois:* "Never," says the trouvere, "prince nor king had a better. One of its sides was red and violet, and the other whiter than snow. The blade was rich, you will never see a better, &c."[6]

[6] Sadoines s'arme bel et cortoisement;
Il vest l'aubert, lace l' elme ensement,
Il chaint l' espée de la forge *Galant.*
MS. de la Bib. Roy. fonds de la Vallière, No. 78. fo. 187, vo. col. 2. v. 19.

Puis chainst lespée au senestre giron;
Ele fu prise en tresor Pharaon.
Galans la fist en l'ille de Mascon.
Contre l'achier n'a nulle arme foison.
Id. ibid. fol. 256, vo. col. 1. v. 7.

Puis chaint l' espée a son flanc senestrois,
Galans le fist en l'ille de Persois;
Onkes millor n'ot ne princes ne rois.
Inde et vermel. j. des costelx avoit
Et l'autre blanc asseix plus ke n'est nois.
Rice est li brans, jà millor ne verrois,
Corte fu boine, mais ele en vult les iij.
Esperimentée fu ja par maintes fois
De Sarrazins ki tienent putes lois.
. M. Crestiens en a ocis li rois.
Id. ibid. fol. 268, vo. col. 2. v. 22.

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In the romance of Fierabras d'Alixandre, it is related that this Saracen possessed three swords, *Plorance*, *Bautisme*, and *Garbain*. On this occasion the author adds, "I will tell you the truth about those who forged them. They were three brothers all born of the same father. They were called *Galans*, *Munificans*, *Hanisars*. The first made *Plorance* and *Garbain*, and took twelve years to refine them. *Munificans* made *Durendal*,[7] *Musagine*, and *Courtain*, with which Ogier the Dane had given many a stroke; finally *Galans* made *Floberge*,[8] *Hauteclère*,[9] and *Joyeuse*, which Charlemagne long time held in great esteem.[10]

[7] The sword of Charlemagne, and afterwards of his nephew Roland.

[8] *Floberge* or *Froberge*, a sword which belonged to Duke Begon (*Roman de Garin le Loherain*, Paris, 1833. T. i. p. 263. c. xix. v. 12), afterwards to the Paynim king Anthenor, and then to Maugis d' Aigremont, who won it from the infidel, used it himself, and gave it at length to his cousin Renaud de Montauban. Boiardo and Ariosto call it *Framberga*; the French have made it *Flamberge*.

[9] The sword of Oliver, son of Renier of Genoa, and brother of the beautiful Aude, whose charms were so celebrated in the middle ages. Oliver was at the same time grandson to Guerin de Monglave, and nephew to Hernault de Beaulande, Miles de Pouille, and Gerard de Vienne.

[10] Fierabras d' Alixandre fu molt de grant fierté;
Il a çainte l'espée au senestre costé,
Puis a pendu Bautisme à l'archon noielé,

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In the first branch of the romance of the *Knight of the Swan*, we read that Lothaire armed his five sons with five swords from the forge of *Galant*. "Two of them," says the author, "belonged formerly to King *Octavian* into whose kingdom they had been brought by the Trojans in old times. When *Miles* espoused the beautiful *Florence* she gave them to him, for she had seen him combat valiantly against *Garsile*. Miles kept one, and gave the other to one of his favorites. They were afterwards stolen by *Walter the Truant*, who fled and took refuge with the father of King Lothaire, to whom he made a present of these swords. The

Et d'autre part Garbain au puing d'or esmeré.
De ceus qui le forgiérent vous dirai verité;
Car il furent. iij. frère, tout d'un père engerré:
Galans en fu li uns, ce dict l'auctorité,
Munificans fu l'autres, sans point de fauseté;
Hanisars fu li tiers, ce dit on par verté;
Et Plorance et Garbain dont li branc sont tempré.
Xjj. ans i mist anchois que fuisent esmeré.
Et Munificans fist Durendal au puing cler,
Musaguine et Courtain, ki sont de grant bonté,
Dont Ogier li Danois en à maint coup doné.
Et Galans fist Floberge à l'acier atempré,
Hauteclere et Joiouse, où molt ot digneté.
Cele tint Karlemaine longuement en certé.
Ensi furent li frère de lor sens esprouvé.

MS. de la Bib. Roy. Suppl. Français. No. 180, fol. 4, vo. col. i. v. 27. The verses of this passage in which *Galant* is mentioned are wanting in the Provençale version of Fierabras published by Bekker. Berlin, 1829. 4to.

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king looked at them, found them much to his taste, and gave a fief to Walter, made him rich and naturalised him [*lui fit manant*]. Lothaire had the three other swords in his treasury. During his journey to the holy sepulchre he had conquered a king in Africa, who took ransom of the pilgrims; he cut off his head, and brought back the sword of the Saracen, as also a sparkling helmet. Afterward he overcame the Emir of Caucasus, whose sword and hauberk of mail he took. The last sword was found in the river Jordan. All attempts to furbish it were vain, it could never be made white. The king gave these five swords to his children, and girded them on their left side.[11]

Further on, in the second branch, we read this passage: "The Emperor (Othes or Otho) was at

[11] Il a donné. v. brans de la forge Galant;
Li doi furent jadis le roi Octeviant.
Là les orent pieça aportés Troiant
Quant Miles epousa Florence le vaillant,
Si le dona Florence, qui bien le vit aidant,
Et contre Garsile fièrement combatant;
Et Miles dona l'autre à. j. sien connisçant
Puis furent-il emblé par Gautier le Truant,
Et cil en est fuis de la fort païsant,
S'en est venus au père le roi Lotaire errant,
A celui le donna et il en fist présent:
Li roi les esgarda, bien les à talent,
S'à Gautier done fief et fait rice manant.
Les autres trois avoit en son trésor gisant.
Il ot conquis. j. roi en Aufrique la grant,
Quant ala outre mer le sepucre querant,

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the window, turned toward the east, and surrounded by a crowd of distinguished knights, when he perceived up the river a white bird swimming. It had a chain round its neck, and drew after it a boat. Beside this they saw in the vessel a knight reclining near his shield and trenchant sword. There was also near him a beautiful spear of inestimable value. I do not know whether it was of the forge of *Galant*, but certes no living man ever saw a richer brand.[12]

Finally we read in the same romance, afterward: "Then Espaullars of resolute countenance rode.

Que tréu demandoit as pélerins errant.
Il li coupa la teste, oncques n'en ot garant;
Et l'espée aporta et. j. elme luisant
Illuec après conquist Caucase l'amirant,
Dont l'espée aporta et l'auberc jaserant.
Et l'autre espée fu trovée el flum Jordant;
Ainc ne pot estre blance, tant l'alast forbisant.
Ces. v. espées a li rois cascun enfant
Çainte au senestre lès, ù ben séent li brant.

MS. de la Bib. Roy. Supplem. Français, No. 540, fol. 18, ro. col. 2. v. 13.

[12] L'emperère ert as astres devers soleil levant,
Environ lui estoient maint chevalier vaillant:
Virent amont le Rin un blanc oisel noant,
El col une caïne et un batel traiant;
Et virent en la nef. j. chevalier gisant,
Dalès lui son escu et s'espée trençant,
Et un molt bel espiel qui molt par ert vaillant.
Jo ne sai se il fu de la forge Galant;
Mais ains nus hom de car ne vit si rice brant.

Id. ibid. fol. 21, vo. col. 2. v. 21.

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He was well armed with hauberk, *entresagne*, shield, lance, and Sardinian helmet, with a sword which was made in Britanny. The smith who forged it in a cavern, was named *Dionises*, and was the brother of the skilful *Galant*. He refined it thirty times in order that it might not break, and he tempered it thirty-three times. He strongly enjoined that no one should gird it on unless he had been a victor, and that he was going to war. A Breton merchant named Maudras, sold it for a hundred marcs of gold, twenty pieces of cloth of Frise, and two Spanish gennets. The Emperor Cæsar possessed it a long time. He conquered with it England, Anjou, Germany, France, Normandy, Saxony, Aquitain, Apulia, Hungary, Provence, &c. Now it belongs to Espaullart, in whose hands it is fatal to a great number of men.[13]

[13] Or cevalce Espaullars a la cière grifaigne.
Il fu molt bien armés d'auberc et d'entresagne,
Et d'escu et de lance et d'elme de Sartaigne;
S'ot une espee çainte qui fu faite un Bretagne.
Li fèvres qui le fist en la terre soutaigne
Ot a non Dionises, l'escriture l'ensaigne;
Si fu frères Galant, qui tant par sot d'ovraigne.
Trente fois l'esmera por çou qu'ele ne fraigne,
Et tempra. xxiij. Bien desfent c'on n'el caigne
Qui ne soit conquérans et que guerre n'empraigne.
Maudras, uns marcéans qui fu nés de Bretagne,
Le vendi. c. mars d'or tot par droite bargagne
Et. xx. pailes de Frise et. ij. cevals d' Espagne.
Césars li emperères l'ot maint jor en demagne,
Engleterre en conquist, Angou et Alemagne,

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In the romance of Godfrey of Bouillon, which is the sequel to the Knight of the Swan, we find this passage: "Afterward they girded on Godfrey the sword which gave death to Agolant. The mounting was good, but the blade was of much greater value. On it were to be read characters which signified in the Roman tongue that it was made by the skilful *Galant*. *Durendal* was its sister, and belonged to Count Roland. Godfrey, the hardy, combatting afterwards at the siege of Antioch, struck such strokes with it, that many men were sufferers."[14]

Further on the troubadour, in speaking of the son of an Emir, says: "The sword they girt on him Israhels forged, afterwards *Galans* made it, who spent a year in tempering it, and who called it *Recuite* because they both fashioned it. When he

Et France et Normendie, Saisone et Aquitaigne
Et Puille et Hungerie, Provence et Moriaigne.
Or en est cil saisis qui maint home en mehagne;
Par sa grant cruelté sovent en sanc le baigne.
Id. ibid. fo. 33. vo. col. i. v. 18.

[14] Puis li cainsent l' espée dont mors fu Agolans;
Bone iert d'adoubéure, mais mius valoit li brans.
Letres i ot escrites qui dient en romans
Que Galans le forga, qui par fu si vaillans
Durendals fu sa suer, cele ot li quens Rollans
Puis en féri tel coup li hardi combatans
El siege d'Anthioce, dont mains hom fu dolans.
MS. de la Bib. Roy. Suppl. Français, No. 540. fol. 49, ro. col. 2. l. penult.

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had refined it, he essayed it on his forging-stake, and cut it down at once from top to bottom. This sword was in the possession of Alexander, who conquered the world, afterwards of Ptolemy, and then of Judas Maccabeus. It passed since through so many hands that it came to Vespasian, the avenger of our Lord, who offered it at the holy sepulchre, where God rose again. It belonged afterwards to Cornumarant, and to his son Corbada. Him to whom he gave it betrayed Jesusalem, and since he left it not a single day in the city."[15]

And further on still the king of Nubia says to the Soldan: "I pray Mahomet and your God Tervagant, that they may this year secure you from greater losses. For all these Christians are very valiant, and when they are armed with mailed hauberks and naked swords from the forge of *Galant*, which more readily cut iron than knives

[15] Li brans que on lui çainst Israhels le forja,
Puis le fist Galans que. j. an le tempra;
Por çou qu'il doi le fisent Recuite l'apela.
Quan il l'ot esmerée, en son tronc l'asaia.
En fresci qu'en la terre le fendi et coupa.
Celi ot Alixandres qui le mont conquesta,
Et puis l'ot Tolomés, puis Macabeus Juda;
Tant ala li espée que de çà et de là.
Que Vaspasianus, qui dame-Deu venja,
Al sépucre l'ofri ù Dex rescuscita;
Puis l'ot Cornumarans et ses fils Corbada;
Jhèrusalem traï cel qui il le dona.
Ainc puis dedens le vile. j. jor ne le laisça.
Id. ibid. fol. 81, vo. col. ii. v. 18.

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cut leather, a single one of them would not fly before thirty of our turks."[16]

Lastly, after having described the arms of the Soldan, the romancer adds: "He afterwards put on a cuirass which Antequites made, who was during twenty-five years adored as a God. To him belonged Israels, and the skilful *Galans*. It was there they learnt the art of forging, in which they excelled." The cuirass of which we speak was very rich; each face of it was enamelled with delicate arabesques of fine gold and silver, and all the superior part was resplendent.[17]

[16] Mais or prie Mahon et ton Deu Tervagant
Ke de ta gregneur perte te desfende en cest an,
Car molt par sont preudome tot icil crestian
Car quant il sont armé des haubers jaseran
Et ont espées nues de le forge Galan
(Plus soeuf trence fer que coutels cordouan)
Pour. XXX. de nos Turs n'en fuiroit uns avant.
Id. ibid. fol. 115. ro. col. i. v. 1.

[17] Or tost dist l'amirals, mes armes m'aportés
Et si home respondent: "Si com vous commandés."
Ses armes li aporte Corsans et Salatrés.
Devant le maistre tref fu un tapis jetés
Et desors le tapi uns pailes colorés.
La s'asist l'amirals, qui est de grans fiertés.
Ses cauces li cauça le roi Matusalés
D'un clavain ploiéis, onques hom ne vit tés:
Les bendes en sont d'or, si le fist Salatrés,
Uns molt sages Juus qui des ars fu parés
A claus d'argent estoit cascuns clavains soldés.
Ses esperons li cauce l'amital Josués;

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In the romance of *Huon of Bordeaux*, a Saracen, when Huon asks for arms, brings him a rusty sword that had been long laid in a chest. Huon takes it, and drawing it out of the sheath, sees that it bears an inscription thus expressed: "Galans forged this sword." The romancer adds, "This armourer in his time forged three, namely, that which the pagan gave to Huon; *Durendal*, which afterward belonged to Roland, and *Courtain*."[18]

Jà beste c'on en poigne n'ara ses flans enflés.
Puis vesti une broigne que fist Antequités,
Qui fu. xxv. ans comme Dex aorés.
A lui fu Israels et Galans li senés;
La aprisent le forge dont cascuns fu parés.
Molt ert rice la broigne, cascuns pans fu safrés
De fin or et d'argent menu recercelés,
Et tos li cors deseure tos à listes bendés.
Ibidem. fol. 187. vo. col. 2. v. 8.

Mathusalem, and the Jews are mentioned in the Romances of Godefroi de Bouillon and Gerard de Vienne, as celebrated for their skilful workmanship. And the reputation of Salatrie appears to have been proverbial for beautiful goldsmiths' work, he is mentioned several times in this romance.

[18] Et lendemain que il fuit ajorner
L'amiralz ait fait le banc crier
Que tout se voisent fervestir et armer.
De toute part se courent adouber,
Veste haubert, lesse helme gemelz;
Au chevalz montent, corrant et abrivez
Et quant voit Hue, ne sceit de quoy armer,
Dou cuer dou vantre commance à soupirer
Moult vollantiers allest avec chappler

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In the romance of *Garin de Monglave*, this worthy going to combat against the felon Hughes l'Auvergnat, is armed by Mabillette daughter of the Count de Limoges, who girds him with such a sword, as the romance says, "that on the whole

Se il eust chevalz pour sus monter.
L'amiralz voit, si l'an ait appellez:
" Amiralz sire, dit Hue, antandez
Et car me faites unez armez prestez
Et ung chevalz sor quoy puisse monter;
En la bataille avec vous m'an irez,
Si saverez comment sai behorder."
Ditz l'amiralz: " Tu aïe moult bien parler."
Adont le fait bonnez arme donner.
Un saix qu' avoit Huon gaiber,
A son escrin est maintenant allez,
Si an trait ung brant d'aicier lettrez;
Vint a Huon et se li ait donner:
" Vaissalz, dit il, cestui me porterez;
Je l'ai maint jour en mon escrin garder."
Hue le prant, dou fuer l'ait geter,
De l'une part se trait les ung pillier.
Se dit la lectre qui fuit en brant lettrez;
Elle fuit suer Durandau au poing cler.
Gallant la fist, ung an mist à souder;
Xx. fois la fist en fin aicier coller
" Per fois, dist Hue, boin don m'avez donner." &c.

Livre de Huelin de Bourdialx et du roy Abron. MS. de la Bib. Roy. fonds de Sorbonne, No. 450, fo. xj. xx. et x. ro. col. i. dernier vers.

This passage is also found as we have translated it in the transposition from rhyme to prose made in the fifteenth century, incontestably after a better original. It runs thus: Droit à ceste heure comme de Huon devisoient avoit là ung

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earth, great as it is, a better could not be found, unless it is Durendal, that Charlemagne won from Brubant. These two swords were made in the forge of *Galant.*"[19]

Further on the same romance, speaking still of Garin, thus expresses itself: "Afterward, he unsheathed the blade, which was a good one, and on which was engraved the name of Jesus Christ. It was made and forged by the good smith *Galans*,

payen lequel oyant que le roy Yvoirin avoit ordonné qu'il fust armé il s'en partit, si se alla en en sa maison et print une grant espée moult esrouillee laquelle il avoit grant temps gardée en son coffre, si l'apporta à Huon, et luy dist: "Vassal, je voy que pas n'avez espée ne baston dont ayder vous puyssiez, et pour ce vous donne ceste espée qui moult long-temps ay gardée en mon coffre." Le payen le donna a Huon en le cuidant truffer, pour ce que advis luy estoit que l'espée estoït de petite valeur. Huon prinst l'espée, si la tira hors du fourreau et veit que dessus estoit escript lettres en françoys qui disoit: "Ceste espée forgea Galans, lequel en son temps en forgea troys." Et celle que le payen avoit donné a Huon fut l'une des troys, dont l'une fut Durandal, qui depuis fut à Rolant, l'autre fut Courtain."

Les Prouesses et Faicts merveilleux du noble Huon de Bordeaulx per de France, duc de Guyenne, &c. Paris, 1516, in fol. f. xlv. vo. col. ii. l. 5.

The relation is not found in another version of the romance "*Hullin de Bordeaux*" in couplets, preserved in the same library, fonds de Cangé, No. 28. reg. 7535-6.

[19] Chainte li a l'espée dont je vos di itant
Que il n'ot mellor tant com la tere est grant

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the best that ever existed. It was so strong and well finished that it was more splendent than refined silver."[20]

Finally, in the romance of *Doolin de Mayence*, we read that the hero going to combat against Charlemagne, "had his shield on his neck, and his lance in the rest of his saddle, armed with a large iron head which had been made in the forge of *Gallant*, from whence also issued Durendal, the sword of Charlemagne; and when it was made, it was tried and cut through four thick pieces of steel at one stroke."[21]

Nevertheless at the first encounter this lance

Fors Durendal le Karle qu'il conquist à Brubant.
Ces. jj. furent faites en la forge Galant.
MS. de la Bib. Roy. fonds de la Valliere. No. 178, olim 2729, fol. 36. vo. col. ii. l. penult.

[20] Puis a trait le nu branc, qui bons fu et letrez:
Des haus nons de Jhesus i ot escris assez.
Le bon fèvres Galans, li mieldrez qui fu nez,
Cil le fist et forja, saciez de veritez.
Tant fu fors li bons brans et tant fu afilez
Que plus luist et resplent que argens esmerez.
Id. ibid. fol. 88, vo. col. ii. v. 16.

We believe that the passages of this romance relating to Wieland are not in the prose translation made in the fifteenth century, printed three times in B. L. at the commencement of the sixteenth century.

[21] Et alors Doolin yssit de Paris moult bien armé sur ung bon cheval coursier d'Espaigne qui couroit plus par rochiers et montaignes qui ne faisoit ung autre en plain champ; et avoit son escu au col et sa lance au poing de

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broke, as well as that of Charlemagne. "Then," says the author, "the emperor drew his sword Durendal, which he had won by force from the Emir Braymont, and Doolin put his hand to his sword which was named *Merveilleuse*, and which had been made in the forge of *Galant*. Truly a fairy put the last edge upon it; but *Galant* did not make it; it was one of his apprentices. When the sword of Doolin was forged and moulded, and that *Galant's* mother had said her prayers over it, she made the sign of the cross and enchanted it like a fairy as she was. Afterward, she placed it edge downward on a tripod, and left it there; in the morning when she returned she found the trenchant blade under it having cut the tripod through and through. Seeing this, she said: 'By my faith I will have thee named *Merveilleuse* for thou cuttest wonderfully, and no substance in the world can resist thee, unless God, to whom all things are possible, should protect it.'"[22]

pommier à un large fer qui avoit esté fait en la forge de Gallant, ou avoit esté forgé Durandal l'espée de Charles; et quant elle fut faicte elle fut essayée et couppa quatre pieces d'acier moult grosses a ung coup.

La Fleur de Battailles de Doolin de Maience. Paris 1501, in fol. f. xxviii. vo. l. 21.

[22] Et quant les deux barons eurent rompu leurs lances, Charlemaigne tira son espée Durandal qu'il avoit conquise sur Braymont l'admiral; car c'estoit la meilleure qu'on eust sceu trouver. Et quant Doolin vit l'espée tirée, il mist la main à la sienne qui avoit nom Merveilleuse, laquelle avoit

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We may just advert to the circumstance, without attaching much importance to it, that the word *Gallandus*[23] in low Latin, and *galendé, garlandé,*

estée faicte en la forge de Galant: et l'afila une fée sans mentir; mais Galant ne le fit pas, car ce fut ung sien aprentis. Et ores maintenant en convient à parler. Quant l'espée à Doolin fut forgée et esmoulue et que la mère à Galant eut dit ses oraisons dessus elle, la seigna et conjura comme celle qui estoit ouvriere de faer; après elle la mist dessus ung grant trepier, le trenchant par dessoubz, et puis la laissa là. Et quant vint au matin, elle trouva dessus le trenchant qui avoit couppé tout oultre le trepier, et quant elle la vit, elle dist: "Par ma foy! je vueil que tu ayez nom Merveilleuse. car ce sera grant merveille comment tu trencheras, et riens n'aura durée contre toy se Dieu ne le deffent, qui à povoir sur toutes choses.

Id. ibid. f. xxix. l. 13. ro.

This passage, and that which precedes, is wanting in two MS. copies of the metrical *Doon de Mayence*, one of the fourteenth, the other of the fifteenth century. M. Michel therefore thinks that the prose romance has been copied from some earlier original, as it is highly improbable that these details were invented in the fifteenth century. It should be remarked that the traditions relating to Wieland are only found in those romances of the Round Table whose heroes are *Franks*.

[23] See the Glossary of Du Cange and Charpentier v. Gallandus. He cites two passages, one taken from the History of the Bishops of Auxerre, and the other from the *Roman de la Rose*. The first is as follows:

Petrus de Villanis septuagesimus tertius, natione Gallus, patria Normannus, ex gratiâ sedis apostolicæ per prefati domini Joannis de Blangy renuntiationem, promotus ad-sedem episcopalem, extitit vir nobilis facundus et strenuus,

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galandi,[24] in the Romance language, bear the sense of *munitus, instructus.*

We here finish this chapter, by remarking that though the French romance writers of the middle ages recall at every opportunity the name and skill of Wieland, they no where make allusion to his adventures as they are preserved in the literature in the North. They speak of him only as a famous fabricator of swords and lances. Only we see by the last passage, that in France also he was considered of supernatural origin, since they give him a fairy for mother.

loca fortalitiorum de Regennis et Villa-Catuli reparavit, et in forma debita fortalitiorum posuit et munivit machinis Gallandis et fossatis.

Historia Episcoporum autissiodorensium apud Labbe. Tom. i. p. 511.

As for the second it is to be found in Meon's edition of the Roman de la Rose, T. i. p. xxxvi. v. 860. But the word *gallendée* is transformed into *galonnée.*

[24] See the *Glossaire François* of D. Charpentier, and the *Glossaire de la Langue Romane*, by Roquefort, under the words *Galander, Galandi, Galender*, and *Garlander.*

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SECTION VI.

GREEK ORIGIN OF THESE TRADITIONS.

It may have been seen from the preceding chapters that in the middle ages the popular belief in a skilful artisan was spread over a great part of Europe, but especially in the North. They represented this individual as having excelled in all that then constituted art, that is to say, the mechanic as well as the fine arts. Thus he was a skilful goldsmith, armourer, smith, statuary, engraver, founder. This skill was accompanied with a little magic, and a great deal of malevolence.

These ideas are also to be found among the people of antiquity, especially the Greeks. Ἥφαιστος or Vulcan,[1] had been from the remotest times the

[1] In the Islands of Lipari, Hephæstus had his chief residence and workshop. Whoever wished to have smiths' work performed by him procured iron only, and bringing it to a certain spot, and placing it there, together with the money for the labour; the next morning the desired work was found to be completed. This we learn from the following remarkable passage of the Scholiast on Apollonius Rhodius, pointed out by F. Wolf in the Altdeutschen Blattern, I. 47. And its striking correspondence with the English legend of the Vale of Whitehorse will be at once seen.

Ἐν τῇ Λιπάρᾳ καὶ Στρογγύλῃ (τῶν Αἰόλου δὲ νήσων

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type of skilful workmen-artists, as we see from the Iliad. He forged metals, he fashioned the most precious works, he constructed arms and armour; he was a deity; mythology relates his cunning tricks. Moreover he was lame, maimed like Weland.

But antiquity presents us with a more striking analogy with the North, in the fables which relate to Dædalus, and we do not hesitate to believe that it is the history of this Greek artist, altered and disfigured, adapted to the manners and creeds of the people of the North of Europe, which has given rise to the romance of Weland.

At first the word Dædalus was, among the Greeks, like that of Weland among the Scandinavians a generic name. Δαιδαλλω signified to work artistically, as *Voelundr* signified a Smith in Islandic. Dædalus was, like Weland, preeminently the artist and the workman. This word was a proper name only because they attributed to this mythologic being all the perfections of the art. For this reason also we believe that the Islandic word

αὗται) δοκεῖ ὁ Ἥφαιστος διατρίβειν· δὶ ὃ καὶ πυρὸς βρόμον ἀκούεσθαι καὶ ἦχον σφοδρόν. Τὸ δὲ παλαιὸν ἐλέγετο, τὸν βουλόμενον ἀργὸν σίδηρον ἐπιφέρειν καὶ επὶ τὴν αὔριον ἐλθόντα λαμβάνειν ἢ ξίφος ἢ εἴ τι ἄλλο ἤθελε κατασκευάσαι, καταβαλόντα μισθόν. Ταῦτα φησὶ Πυθεὰς ἐν γῆς περιόδῳ, λέγων καὶ τὴν θάλασσαν ἐκεῖ ζεῖν. Schol. Apollon. Rhod. iv. 761.

The very similar legend current in Osnaburgh, has been already given at p. xliii ante.

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Voelund, a smith is erroneously regarded as derived from Weland; it is the contrary that should be stated. The word *Voelund* existed before the history of the famous smith Weland had been invented; just as the word δαιδαλλω existed before the personification Dædalus had been admitted into the mythology of the Greeks.[2]

They attributed to Dædalus all the works of antient art; in Italy and in Greece they boasted of possessing them; they attributed to him the works of artists who were perhaps separated by centuries,[3] and of which the epoch was unknown.

The Greeks carry back the history of Dædalus to very high antiquity, they throw this personage back to the thirteenth century before our æra, making him cotemporary with Theseus and Minos. We will not here enter into the entire history of this mythologic being; we will not speak of the Dædalian festivals which, according to Pausanias,[4] were celebrated every seven years in Bœotia. We

[2] See the Dissertation on Dædalus in the work of Dr. Sickler: *Die Hieroglyphen in dem Mythus des Aesculapius.* Meinigen, 1819. 4to. The object of the author is to prove that the Greeks received from the people of Semitic race, i. e. the Phœnicians, the art of working in metals.

[3] See Heyne, *Antiquior artium inter Græcos historia, &c.* in the fifth volume of his *Opuscula academica collecta*, Gotting. 1802. 8vo. p. 341.

[4] Παυσανίου τῆς Ελλάδος περιήγησις. Boeot. l. ix. c. 3.

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shall only recite those traits which bear immediately on our subject, and which have been preserved to us by Diodorus Siculus and Pausanias.[5]

Dædalus, guilty of the murder of Talus his sister's son, who promised to be his rival in skill, and condemned to death for the crime, flies from Greece, and takes refuge in the Isle of Crete, where he enters into the service of Minos, as Weland does into that of King Nidung. Minos has a daughter like the Scandinavian king. The Greek artist, like the Scandinavian, incurs the vengeance of the king he serves. Dædalus, by favouring the extraordinary amorous propensity of Pasiphæ, for whom he constructed an artificial bull, and afterwards the labyrinth to serve for a dwelling for the Minotaur, the fruit of her monstrous amour. Weland, as we have seen, by violating the princess and having a son by her.

Dædalus and Weland employ the same means to escape the vengeance of the king their master, whom they had offended. They make themselves wings and raise themselves in the air to fly away. Icarus accompanies his father Dædalus; but he guides himself ill, and falls into the sea. Egil the brother of Weland, not being able to manage the wings, likewise falls. Both the mechanicians tra-

[5] Διοδώρου τοῦ Σικελιὼ τοῦ Βιβλιοθήκης ἱστορικῆς τὰ σωζόμενα, lib. iv. c. 76, 77, 78, 79.

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verse the seas. Dædalus descends in Sicily, Weland in Jutland.

The Greek origin of the romance of Weland cannot therefore be mistaken. How did the Greek fable become known to the Scandinavians? This it would be very interesting to ascertain; but we must not flatter ourselves with the hope of ever resolving the problem. A fable as antient as that of Dædalus, had all the time requisite for its slow propagation from people to people, until it reached the Boreal regions. Perhaps it had passed through the mouths of numerous nations before it reached the Scandinavians. It would necessarily receive modifications in its course by popular tradition, and lose by little and little the local colouring of the country where it had its birth. The scene where the action passed, the names of the personages, the details of the romance must change, finally the history must become altogether Scandinavian.

That which establishes one more analogy between Greece and Scandinavia, is that in the same way that Scandinavia admitted of other skilful artists such as Mimer, the Greeks had also local traditions about artists who had excelled almost equally with Dædalus; such were Smiles in the Island of Ægina, the Telchines in the Isle of Rhodes, who were accounted to have perfectioned the casting of metals, and who were regarded as magicians. Probably if we possessed the tradi-

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tions relating to them we should also find some features analogous to the romances of Weland and Dædalus.

Otherwise, that which constitutes a characteristic difference between the Greek and Scandinavian traditions on the subject of the superlative artist, is, that the Greeks attributed to their's particularly plastic works, and above all images of the gods, while the Scandinavians attributed to their workmen principally weapons of a superior temper. It is that the Greeks were a religious people and alive to the beauty of mythologic representations. The Scandinavians, on the contrary, valued nothing but good swords, with which they conquered that which the rude climate of the north denied to them. They were not in haste to make gods, and they would not perhaps have much rewarded the artist who had produced representations of Odin and Freya; but they regarded as a great man him who fabricated weapons of superior quality; and were tempted to attribute to the artizan who furnished a sword without defect a supernatural origin.

The tradition of subterranean smiths was diffused in Italy. The popular belief placed the Cyclops in the caverns of mount Ætna. There was this difference between the south and the north of Europe, that the Italian people figured to themselves these smiths of the caverns as men of gigantic stature, while in the north they supposed them to be dwarfs.

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If we actually compare the imitation and the original in its poetic relation, we see that the Scandinavians have made of their Weland a mixture of Vulcan and Dædalus. He has the malice of the lame God, and the adventures of the constructor of the labyrinth. Perhaps as the son of Jupiter precipitated to the earth, and received by the Sintians, renowned for their works in metal, he might signify Fire placed at the service of human industry, if we could attribute to the antient people of the North ideas as subtle as were those of the Greeks.[6]

The Scandinavians, have neglected the absurd

[6] Juno, irritated on account of Jupiter having himself alone brought into the world Minerva, also gives birth to a son; but he is weak and lame; it is not a powerful and intellectual principle; it is but Fire at the service of human industry. It is to indicate this, that it is said that Jupiter precipitated him to the earth, and that the Sintians, a people celebrated for their works in metal, received him among them. Thus, in this tradition, Minerva and Vulcan are types of the last development and a deterioration of the divinity. They are the statuaries of the human race, and preside over the activity of the artist and the artisan. Solger, *Mythologisches Ideen*, in the 2nd. vol. p. 691 of his works. Leipsic, 1826.

The partisans of the symbolic system of mythology see in Ἥφαιστος precipitated from heaven, the symbol of elementary fire descending upon the earth. Homer attributes to Hephæstus a common but good soul. It is a god entirely occupied by his art and his material interests. See on the Greek Mythology, Hermes, oder krit Jahrbuch der Literatur, Leipzig, 1827. vol. xxvii. p. 257.

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fable of the Bull, but they have preserved, in a great measure, the other adventures. They have given to Weland a vindictive spirit, which Dædalus has not. Weland is the lover of the princess; Dædalus, the father of a family, is only the confidant of the queen. The Greeks, in their fable, have only had in view to make his skill apparent, in the midst of the recital of the amours of a queen. The Scandinavians have availed themselves of this foundation to make equally evident the genius of their mechanician; but they have mixed up with it the tragedy of the amours of Medea. Their romance has the sombre and poetic tincture which so much pleased the inhabitants of northern climes.

The German traditions about Weland place his smithy sometimes in the Caucasus, of which the name is singularly metamorphosed in some of the German poems, where this chain of mountains is *Gloggenachsen*. Is it by a caprice of the poets that the word Caucasus has been chosen to signify the workshop of Weland, or may it not rather be that the Caucasus was celebrated for its iron-works, and especially for the armour wrought by the people of those mountains? The coats of mail, the helmets, the swords of the Georgians and other people of Caucasus are celebrated. There is in these mountains an isolated community, consisting of about 1200 families, who excel in the fabrication of arms; they are called *Couvetchis*.

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They defend their territory against intruding strangers, and only sell the products of their manufacture at a village situate at the extremity of their valley.

What proves that their skill in the fabrication of arms is of long standing, is that they offered the arms of their workshops to Timour when he traversed the Caucasus in 1396.[7] It is possible that the celebrity of these armourers had penetrated in the middle ages even into Europe, and that it gave rise to tales which may have been confounded with those the Scandinavians made concerning Weland.

That which seems to prove that there has been a connection between the East and the West on the subject of these traditions of skilful smiths and their process in preparing iron for sword-blades, is that they preserve on the banks of the Euphrates the same traits that the poets on the banks of the Rhine recounted in the middle ages. According to these, Weland filed iron, mixed the filings with flour and milk, gave this mixture to fowls to eat, and after they had voided the particles of iron he forged them anew and thus fabricated the marvellous blades which were regarded as masterpieces.[8]

[7] Massoudi Bacoui, Rubruquis, Reineggs, have spoken of this tribe. See also D'Ohsson; *Des Peuples du Caucase.* Paris, 1828. 8vo. pp. 22, and 175.

[8] Von der Hagen, *Nordische Helden-romane.* Breslau, 1814-15. 4 vols. 8vo.

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In Asia they likewise say that the good manufacturers of Bagdad mix iron reduced to small fragments with the paste made of meal, with which they feed geese, and that after having passed through the bodies of these birds, the iron is taken and undergoes a smelting process, and that from the proceeds the superb damascus blades are made. The tale is insignificant, but the analogy between the traditions of two countries, at two distant periods, is worthy of remark.[9]

[9] H. F. von Diez, *Denkwürdigkeiten von Asien in Kunsten und Wissenschaften.* Berlin and Halle, 1811—15. 2 vols. 8vo. Tom. 2. p. 471. In the same volume we have the history of a Cyclop Oïgour, which has some resemblance to the romance of Wade and Weland.

In the extremely curious Bedoueen romance of ANTAR, which, in many respects strongly resembles the Sagas of the North, the same wonders are related of Antar's sword, which was named Dhami, on account of its sharpness, and was forged from a thunderbolt. Some of its achievements are remarkably similar to those of Wieland's sword. Antar in his conflict with Geidac "struck him on the head with Dhami. He cleft his vizor and wadding, and his sword played away between the eyes, passing through his shoulders down to the back of his horse, even to the ground, and he and his horse made four pieces; and, to the strictest observer, it would appear that he had divided him with scales." v. i. p. 159. Soon after, again, in his combat with Oosak: "he aimed a blow at his head, but Oosak received it on his shield. The sword of Antar came down upon it and shivered it in two, and split his vizor in twain, and it penetrated even to his thighs, down to the back of the horse; and the rider and the horse fell in four parts." p.

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Lastly, to exhaust all the analogies, it should be known that in Ceylon the artisans are designated by the name of *Velendes* almost in the same manner as in Iceland.[10] But it may be that the Ceylonese word has nothing in common but a resemblance of sound to the Scandinavian.

163. But the sword of Zalim, in Antar, is no less wonderful: "It was called Zoolhyyat (endued with life), for when it was unsheathed it was impossible for any one to fix his eyes on it, on account of the extraordinary effect and imaginary sensations it produced. It was said that it had been the sword of the great Jobaa, son of King Himyar who was formerly monarch of the universe: and *when it fell upon a rock it would cleave it in two;* and did it encounter steel it shattered it; and when it moved, it glittered and sparkled, and over its sides there crept the wavy forms of biting snakes." Vol. iii. p. 49.

The high esteem in which well-tempered arms were held in these rude ages, made a skilful armourer or smith be held to be little less than a god, or at least a dæmon or magician. The heroes of romance, and the romantic heroes of history, have most of them a magic sword with a name.

[10] *On the religion and manners of the people of Ceylon*, by M. Joinville. Asiatic Researches, Calcutta. 1801. 4to. Vol. vii. p. 432.

An interesting account of the *Kubitchis* of the Caucasus was given by M. J. Klaproth in his *Geographisch-Historische Beschreibung des Ostlichen Kaukasus.* Weimar, 1814. They call themselves *Frärki*, i. e. Europeans, and are known in the east under the name of *Serkjeran* or Goldsmiths, for they work skilfully in the precious metals, as well as in the fabrication of Arms and Armour.

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ADDITIONAL NOTE TO SECTION I.

THE SCANDINAVIAN TRADITION FROM THE EDDA, IN ICELANDIC AND ENGLISH.

VOLUNDAR QUIDA.

Formáli.

NIDUTHR het Konungr i Svithiod. Han átti twa sono ok eina dóttor. Hón et Baudvildr. Brædor III. synir Finna Konúngs. Het einn Slagfidr. Annarr Egill. Thridi Voelundr. Their skriddo ok veiddo dyr. Their quomo i Ulfdali ok gerdo ser thar hús. Thar er vatn er heitir Ulfsiár. Snemma of morgin fundo their á vazstrœndo Konor III. ok spunno lín. Thar voro hiá theim álptar-hamir theirra. That voro Valkyrior. Thar voro tvær dœtor Laudvess Konóngs. Hladguthr Svanhvít ok Hervœr Alvítr. En thridia var Aulrún Kiars-dottir af Vallandi. Their hœfdo thær heim till skála med ser. Feck Egill Aulrúnar, en Slagfidr Svanhvítrar, en Vœlundr Alvítrar. Thau biuggo vii. vetur, thá flugo thær at vitia víga ok quomo eigi aptr. Thá skreid Egill at leita Aulrúnar. En Slagfidr leitadi Svanhvítrar. En Vœlundr sat i Ulfdaulom. Han var hagastr mathr sva at menn víti i fornom Saugom. Niduthr Konóngr let han haundom taka sva sem her umqvedit.

Niduth was king in Sweden; he had two sons, and one daughter who was named Baudvilde. There were three brothers sons of a King of Finland. One was called Slagfid, the other Egill, and the third Vœlund. They skated in chase of deer (i. e. wild beasts). They came to Ulfdale,

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(i. e. valley of bears), and there took up their abode. There is a water [there] called the bear's lake. One morning they found on its borders three females spinning flax. There was lying near them their swan-robes. They were Valkyries. Two were daughters of King Laudvess, i. e. Hladguth-Swanwhite, and Hervœr-Allwite. The third was Alrune, daughter of Kiar of Wal-land. They took them home to their dwelling. Egill took Alrune, Slagfid Swanwhite, and Voelund Allwite. They lived together seven winters, then they (the Valkyries) flew away to visit the battles, and came not again. Then Egill skated to seek Alrune, and Slagfid to seek Swanwhite: but Vœlund remained in Ulfdale. He was a skilful workman, as we know from antient traditions. King Niduth caused him to be seized, as it is here sung:

Her hefr quidona.	*Here begins the song.*
I.	
Meyiar flugo sunnan	*The maidens flew from the south*
Myrkvíd igœgnom	*By the murky forest*
Alvítor únga	*Allwite the young*
Œrloeg drygia	*To settle destinies.*
Thær á sævar-strœnd	*There on the borders of the lake*
Settuz at hvílaz	*They reposed awhile,*
Drósir sudrœnar	*These southern maidens,*
Dyrt lín spunno	*And spun fine flax.*
II.	
Ein nam theirra	*One of them took*
Egill at veria	*Egil, the young.*
Faugor mær fíra	*The maiden fair embraced*
Fathmi liosóm.	*The hero white-armed.*
Œnnor var Svanhvít	*The other was Swanwhite*
Svanfiathra dró	*Bearing swans's feathers.*
En en thridia	*The third*
Theira systir	*Their sister*
Vardi hvítan	*Embraced white-*
Háls Vœlundar.	*-neck'd Vælund.*

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III.

Sáto síthan	*They remained after*
VII. vetr at that.	*Seven winters*
En inn átta	*Dwelling there eight*
Allan thrátho.	*In all affection;*
En inn níonda	*But in the ninth,*
Nauthr um skildi	*Necessitated by duty,*
Meyiar fystoz	*The maidens desired*
A myrqvan vith	*To go to the murky forest*
Alvitr únga	*Allwite the young,*
Œrlœg drygia.	*To settle destinies.*

IV.

Kom thar af veidi	*Coming from the chase*
Vé-threygr skyti	*The waysweary shooters,*
Slagfidr ok Egill	*Slagfid and Egill,*
Sali fundo auda	*Found the dwelling empty.*
Gengo út ok inn	*They went out and in*
Ok um sáz	*And looked around,*
Austr skreid Egill	*Egill skated east*
At Aulruno.	*After Alrune,*
En sudr Slagfidr	*But Slagfid to the south*
At Svanvíto.	*After Swanwhite.*

V.

En einn Vœlundr	*But Vœlund alone*
Sat i Ulfdaulom.	*Remained in Ulfdale.*
Han sló gull rautt	*He forged red gold*
Vid gim fastann	*With jewels hard,*
Lukti han alla	*Securing them all*
Lind-bauga vel.	*On a withy band, rings many.*
Sva beid han	*Thus he awaited*
Sinnar liósar	*His bright*
Qvanar, ef hon	*Bride, if she*
Koma gerdi.	*Made return home.*

VI.

That spyrr Niduthr	*When Niduth understood*
Niara drottinn	*(Lord of the Niarians),*

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At einn Vœlundr	*That Vœlund alone*
Sat i Ulfdaulom.	*Dwelt in Ulfdale,*
Nóttom fóro seggir	*He led his men by night,*
Negldar voro brynior.	*In nailed armour,**
Skildr bliko theirra	*Their shields glanced*
Vith enn skartha mána.	*With the moon-light.*

VII.

Stigo or saudlom	*They alighted from their saddles*
At salar gafli.	*At the gable of the house*
Gengo inn thathan	*From thence they went in*
Endlángan sal.	*Throughout the dwelling*
Sá their á bast	*Saw there on the withy band*
Bauga dregna	*Heaps of rings*
VII. hundruth allra.	*Full seven hundred*
Er sá seggr átti	*Belonging to the smith.*

VIII.

Ok their af tóko	*They took them*
Ok their á-leto	*And then replaced them*
Fyr einn utan	*Except one*
Er their af leto	*Which they took away.*
Kom thar af veidi	*There came from the chase*
Ve-threygr skyti	*The way-weary archer.*
Vœlundr lidandi	*Vœlund, journeying*
Um lángan veg.	*By the long way.*

* "*In nailed armour.*" Thorlacius gives another signification to *brynior negldar*, which he would have to signify the same as the low Latin *nigellatus*, and the old French *noielé* i. e. *niellated* or ornamented with *niello*, a sort of enamelled work much practised by goldsmiths in the middle ages, and which is mentioned in the extract from the Romance of Fierabras given in note 10, sect. v. For an explanation of the term we must refer to the Glossary of Ducange in v. Niellatus, or to M. Duchesne's *Essai sur les Nielles* gravures Florentines du XVme Siecle. Paris, 1826. 8vo.

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IX.

Geck at bruni	*He began to roast*
Bero-hold steikja	*A steak of bears-flesh*
A'r brann hrísi	*Soon the faggots burn*
Allthur fura	*Burst into flame,*
Vidr enn vin-thurri	*By a current of air,*
Fyrir Vœlundi.	*Before Vælund.*

X.

Sat á ber-fialli	*Seated on a bear-skin*
Bauga taldi	*He counted his rings,*
Alfa lióthi	*The man of the race of Alf,*
Eins saknadi.	*One was missing,*
Hugdi han at hefdi	*He thought (she) had it,*
Hlaudvis dottir	*Hlaudvis daughter,*
Alvitr únga	*The young Allwite,*
Veri hon aptr komin.	*And that she had returned.*

XI.

Sat han sva lengi	*He sat there until*
At han sofnadi	*He fell asleep*
Ok han vaknathi	*But he awakened*
Vilia-lauss.	*Comfortless.*
Vissi ser á haundom	*He saw that on his hands*
Haufgar naudir	*He had bands,*
En á fotom	*And his feet*
Fiœtor um spenntan.	*Shackles confined.*

XII.

Hverir ro jœfrar	*" Who are the men*
Their á lœgdo	*That have laid*
Besti byr síma	*On a good man bonds,*
Ok mik bundo.	*And bound me?"*
Kallath nú Niduthr	*Niduth now exclaimed,*
Niara Drottinn	*(Lord of the Niarians)*
Hvar gaztu Vœlundr	*" Where gottest thou, Vælund*
Vísi Alfa	*Alf King,*
Vára aura	*Our gold*
I Ulfdaulom.	*In Ulfdale?*

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XIII.

Gull var thar eigi	*" This gold was not*
A grana leido	*In Gran's* road.*
Fiarri hugda ek várt land	*I believe my land was far*
Fiœllom Rinar.	*From the mountains of the Rhine.*
Man ek at ver meirri	*I remember that there was much*
Mæti attom	*Treasure possessed*
Er ver heil hiú	*When all our people*
Heima vórom.	*Were at our Home."*

XIV.

Hladguthor ok Hervœr	*Hladguth and Hervoer*
Borin var Hlaudve	*Were daughters of Hlaudve,*
Kunn var Aulrún	*Alrune was of kin*
Kiars dottir.	*Kiar's daughter.*
Honn inn um geck	*She went in* [*ing.*
Endlángan sal.	*And ranged through the dwell-*
Stód á gólfi	*She stood on the threshold*
Stillti rœddo	*And raised her voice.*
Era sá nú hyrr	*" He is not joyful* [*rest!"*
Er or holti ferr.	*Who now comes out of the fo-*

Niduth Konóngr gaf dottor sinni Baudvildi gullríng than er han tók af bastino at Vœlundar en han sialfr bar sverthit er Vœlundr átti. En drottning quath.

King Niduth gave to his daughter Baudvilde the gold ring that he had took from the bast at Vœlunds, and he himself bare the sword that Vœlund had. The queen said:

XV.

Tenn honom teygiaz	*" He gnasheth his teeth*
Er honom er thæt sverth	*When the sword*
Ok han Baudvildar	*And the ring of Baudvilde*
Baug um theckir	*He recognises.*
Amon ero augo	*Angry are his eyes*

* *Gran* was the horse upon which Sigurd fled, after having killed Fabner and taken his treasures.

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Ormi theim enom frána	*Fiery as a serpent's.*
Snithit er hann	*Cut of him (then)*
Sina magni	*The sinews of strength*
Ok setith hann sithan	*And then place him*
I Sævar-Staud.	*In Sævar-Staud."*

Sva var gœrt at skornar voro sinar i Knes-fotom ok settr i hólm einn er thar var fur landi er het Sævar-staud. Thar smíthadi han Konongi allz kyns gærsimar. Engi mathr thordi at fara til hans nema konóngr einn. Vœlundr quath:

Thus was done; the sinews at his knee's foot were cut, and he was placed in an island which was not far from the shore, it was called Sævar-Staud. There he forged for the king all kinds of jewels. No one dared to go to him except the king alone. Vœlund said:

XVI.

Scinn Nithathi	*" That sword shines*
Sverth á linda	*In Niduth's belt*
That er ec hvesta	*Which I sharpened*
Sem ec hagaz kvnna	*As skilfully as I could,*
Oc ec herthac	*And I hardened it*
Sem mér hœgst thótti;	*As well as I could devise;*
Sá er mer fránn mekir	*That bright blade is from me*
Æ fiarra borinn.	*Carried off for ever.*
Secca ec thann Vœlundi	*I see it then no more.*
Til smithio borinn.	*In Vœlund's smithy.*

XVII.

Nú berr Baudvildr	*" Now bears Baudvilde*
Brudar minnar	*My bride's*
Bithca ec thess bót	*Ruddy rings,*
Bauga rautha.	*Never may I help it."*

XVIII.

Sat hann, ne hann svaf ávalt	*He sat but slept not,*
Oc hann sló hamri	*But he struck with hammer.*
Vèl gorthi hann heldr	*Full soon he meditated*
Hvatt Nithathi.	*Revenge against Niduth.*
Drifo úngir tveir	*Two young ones came*

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A dyr at sía	*To the door to see*
Synir Nithathir	(*The sons of Niduth*)
I Sævar-Staud.	*In Sæver-Staud.*

XIX.

Komo their til kisto	*They approached the chest*
Kravftho lucla	*And craved the keys,*
Opinn var illúth	*Open was the ill-omen'd one*
Er their í sà.	*And they saw therein*
Fiœld var thar menia	*There were many necklaces,*
Er theimm maugom syndiz	*As it appeared to them*
At veri gull rautt	*That were of red gold*
Oc gersimar.	*And jewels.*

XX.

Komith einir tveir	*" Come you two alone,*
Komith annars dags	*Come to-morrow,*
Yccr læt ek that gull	*I will contrive that gold*
Um gefit vertha.	*Shall be given you.*
Segit á meyiom	*Say nothing to the maidens,*
Ne sál-thióthom	*Nor to the servants,*
Manni aungom	*To no one*
At ith mic fyndit.	*That you have been to me."*

XXI.

Snemma kallathi	*Early in the morning calleth*
Seggr annan,	*One to the other,*
Bróthir á bróthr	*Brother to brother,*
Gongom baug síá.	*" Let us go see the jewels."*
Komo til kísto	*They came to the chest*
Krauftho lucla	*Craved the key*
Opinn var illúth	*Open stood the ill-omen'd*
Er their i lito.	*And they looked therein.*

XXII.

Sneith af haufut	*He cut off the heads**
Húna theirra	*Of them both*

* Grimm says that the lid of the chest was shut down upon the youths, and they were thus caught as in a trap.

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Oc undir fen fœturs	*And in the bottom of the fen*
Fætr um lagthi.	*Laid their limbs,*
Enn thær scálar	*But their skulls*
Er und scaurom vóro	*Which were under their hair,*
Sveip hann utan silfri	*He set in silver*
Seldi Nidathi.	*And gave them to Niduth.*

XXIII.

Enn or augom	*But of their eyes*
Jarcna-steina	[*He made*] *jewels*
Sendi hann kunnigri	*And sent them to the queen,*
Kono Nithathar.	*The wife of Niduth.*
Enn or taunnom	*But of the teeth*
Tveggia theirra	*Of them both*
Slo hann briostklinglor	*He made breast ornaments*
Sendi Baudvildi.	*Which he sent to Baudvilde.*

XXIV.

Tha nam Baudvildr	*Then Baudvilde took*
Baugi at hrósa	*Pride in her ring*
Bar hann Vœlundi	*She took it to Vœlund,*
Er brotit hafthi	*Having broken it.*
Thoriga ec at segia	*Saying "I dare trust it*

He refers to the tale of the *Machandelbaum* in the *Kinder und Haus Märchen*, No. 47. According to Gregory of Tours, ix. 34, a similar tragedy was acted in France. Fredegund lived with her daughter Regund in a state of enmity, and at last she says to her, "Well, take your father's treasure:" et ingressa in regestum reseravit archam monilibus ornamentisque pretiosis refertam; de qua cum diutissime res diversas extrahens filiæ adstanti porrigeret, ait ad eam: "jam enim lassata sum, immite tu, inquit, manum et ejice quod inveneris." Cumque illa immisso brachio res de archa abstraheret, adprehenso mater opertorio archæ super cervicem ejus inlisit. Though still she was saved. *Lieder der Alten Edda durch die Bruder Grimm.* Berlin, 1815. Th. i. s. 14.

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Nema ther einom.	*To no one but thee.*"
[Vœlundr quath.]	[*Vœlund said:*]

XXV.

Ec bœti sva	"*I will repair so*
Brest á gvlli	*The fracture of the gold*
At fethr thinom	*That thy father*
Fegri thiccir	*Shall think it fairer,*
Oc Móthr thínni	*And thy mother*
Miclo betri	*Much better,*
Oc sialfri ther	*And thyself*
At sama hófi.	*Quite as good (as before).*"

XXVI.

Bar hann hana bióri	*He brought her a drink,*
Thvíat hann betr kunni	(*For he was all-knowing*),
Sva at hon i sessi	*So that as she sat*
Um sofnathi.	*She fell asleep.*—
Ná hefi ec hefnt	"*Now have I revenged*
Harma minna	*My injuries*
Allra nema einna	*All except one*
Ivith grannra.	*The wickedest.*

XXVII.

Vel ec quath Vœlundr	"*Well for me,*" *quoth Vœlund,*
Vertha ec á fitiom	"*Had I my feet-sinews*
Theim er mic Nithathar	*Of which Niduth's*
Námo reccar	*Men deprived me.*"
Hlæandi Vœlundr	*Laughing Vœlund*
Hófz at lopti	*Raised himself in the air.*
Grátandi Baudvildr	*Baudvilde weeping*
Geck orr eyio	*Went from the island,*
Thregthi faur frithils	*Troubled at her paramour's departure*
Oc fauthur reithi.	*And her father's anger.*

XXVIII.

Uti stendr kunnig	*The Queen stood without,*
Quán Nithathar	*Niduth's wife,*

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Ok hon inn um-geck.
Endlangan sal
(En han á sal garth
Settiz at hvilaz.)

But she went in
Throughout the hall.
(But he (Vœlund) on the enclosure of the palace
Sat himself to rest.)

XXIX.

Vakir thu Nithvthr
Niara drottinn.
Vaki ek ávalt
Vilia ek lauss sofna
Ek minniz sízt
Mína svno dautha.

" Wak'st thou Niduth,
Niara's lord?"
" I wake ever
Joyless alone I rest
When I think
That my sons are dead.

XXX.

Kell mik i haufuth
Kauld ero mér ráth thin
Vilnomc ek thess nú
At ek vith Vœlund dæma.
Seg thu mér that Vœlundr
Visi Alfa
Af heilom hvat varth
Húnom mínam ?

" Fevered is my brain,
Cold (evil) to me thy counsels.
Now I desire this
That I may speak with Vœlund.
Tell me this, Vœlund,
Chief of the Alfs,
What has become of
My healthful sons?"

XXXI.

Eitha skalltu mér áthr
Alla vinna
At skips-bordi
Ok at skialdar rœnd
At mars bœgi
Ok at mækis egg
At thú queliat
Quán Vœlundr
Ne brúdi minni
At bana verthir;
Thótt ver quán ægim
Thá er ther kunnith
Ethr jóth eigim
Innan hallar.

" First thou shalt swear to me
All to observe
By ship's board
And by shield's round,
By horse's bridle
And the sword's edge,
That thou wilt not kill
Vœlund's wife,
Nor my bride
Bring to death.
Although I have a wife
That thou knowest,
Or have a child
Within thy halls."

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XXXII.

Gáck thú til smithio
Theirrar er thu gœrthir
Thar fithr thu belgi
Blóthi stockna
Sneith ek af haufuth
Húna thinna
Ok undir fen fœtvrs
Fætr um-lagdac.

" Go thou to the smithy
Which thou built
There thou shalt find the bellows
Sprinkled with blood.
I cut off the heads
Of thy sons
And under the foot of the fen
Laid their limbs.

XXXIII.

En thær skálar
Er vnd skaurom vóro
Sveip ek utan silfri
Seldac Nithathi.
En or augom
Jarcna-steina
Senda ek kunnigri
Quán Nithathar.

" But their skulls
Which were under their hair
I set in silver,
And sent them to Niduth;
But of their eyes
[I made] jewels
And sent them to the Queen,
The wife of Niduth.

XXXIV.

En ôr tœnnom
Tveggia theirra
Sló ek briostklinglor
Senda ek Baudvildi.
Nú gengr Baudvildr
Barni aukin
Enga dottir
Yckor beggia.

" But of the teeth
Of them both
I made breast ornaments,
And sent them to Baudvilde.
Now goes Baudvilde
Teeming with child
The only daughter
Of you both!"

XXXV.

Mæltira thú that mál
Er mik meirr tregi.
Ne ek thik vilia Vœlundr
Verr um níta.
Era sva mathr hár
At thik af hesti taki
Ne sva auflugr
At thik nedan skióti

" Never spakest thou words
That distressed me more;
Nor wished I thee Vœlund
To punish more severely.
No man is so tall [take thee
[Even] on horse that he may
Nor so strong [beneath
That he may shoot thee from

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Tha er thú skollir	*There where thou scalest*
Vith sky uppi.	*Up to the sky.*

XXXVI.

Hlæiandi Vœlundr	*Laughing, Vœlund*
Hofz at lopti	*Raised himself in the air,*
En ókátr Nithuthr	*But Niduth [unhappy]*
Sat thá eptir.	*Remained thereafter.*

XXXVII.

Uprístu Thakradr!	*" Uprise thou, Thakradr,*
Thrœll minn in bezti.	*My best servant,*
Bith thú Baudvildi	*Say thou to Baudvilde*
Meyna bráhvíto	*My white-brow'd maid,*
Gánga fagr-varith	*Go thou, fair-bedecked,*
Vith fauthur rœtha.	*To speak with thy father.*

XXXVIII.

Er that satt Baudvildor	*" Is it true, Baudvilde,*
Er saugdo mer	*What they tell me*
Satuth ith Vœlundr	*Sattest thou with Vœlund,*
Saman i hólmi?	*Together in the island?"*

XXXIX.

Satt er that Nithathr!	*" It is true, Niduth!*
Er sagdi ther.	*What they told thee,*
Sato vith Vœlundr	*I sat with Vœlund*
Saman i hólmi	*Together in the island.*
Eina augur-stund	*Ah! that moment of anguish*
Æva skyldi.	*Should never have been.*
Ek vætr honom	*I could not against him*
Vinna kunnac.	*Know how to strive;*
Ek vætr honom	*I against him*
Vinna máttac.	*Had not power to resist."*

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VAULUNDURS SAGA.

A LEGEND OF

WAYLAND SMITH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF

OEHLENSCHLAGER.

BY

ELIZABETH KINNEAR.

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VAULUNDUR.

A

LEGEND OF WAYLAND SMITH.

THE country of Finmark is situated far to the north; the climate is excessively cold, for it is only in summer that the sun appears above the horizon; the dawn of morning and the hues of evening follow each other in quick succession; not, as in the south, skirting the warm day with a fringe of gold, but with a weak and mournful glimmer scarcely sufficient to prevent the entire extinction of life.

In these deserts vegetation languishes; a few thin fir-trees rise like petrifactions round the bare mountains which are covered for the greater part of the year with ice and snow; even the inhabitants of these regions appear small and shrivelled, and the reindeer is almost the only animal that enlivens the melancholy face of nature. The sun is quite invisible during six

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months of the year, and occasional streaks of light are then seen in the north like the veins of metal that intersect the rocks below; for whatever may be wanting on the surface of the country is fully compensated by the riches contained in the depths of the mountains. It seems too as if external nature intended to point out the treasures hidden in her bosom by the close similitude her stony trees and the metallic streaks of her meteors bear to them.

The men of this country are of unusual frame; their countenances are unpleasing, but their limbs are strong and well knit; they are generally intelligent and ingenious; so that, like their mountains, they possess internally more than their exterior promises; their thoughts and labours are exclusively employed in bringing to light those riches that the reserve of nature seeks to conceal from the inhabitants of more southern countries; they are good miners and excellent smiths, and living constantly in unusual and undisturbed communication with the depths of mysterious Nature, she reveals to their minds wonders unknown to others. They have the gift of prophecy, and possess more than ordinary wisdom.

Slagfidur, Eigil, and Vaulundur, were brothers, of Finland extraction: their father was a king, but his name has been lost in the lapse of

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ages, and is not extant in the old tradition. These brothers were wise, clever, and strong; and as it usually happens that men placed above want thrive better than others, so they grew tall and handsome, and had nothing in common with other Finlanders, but prudence, sense, unusual knowledge of their mountains, and skill in finding, melting, and refining ore. It happened once that while the brothers were seeking for iron in the mountains they found a mine of gold. Rejoiced at this discovery they began to work the metal, and found one lump of gold distinguished from the rest by its lustre and beauty: within it were set three jewels of different colours; one red, one green, and one blue; the whole forming a mysterious character. They took it home and showed it to their mother, who was a prophetess, and a lady of extraordinary wisdom. No sooner had she obtained a sight of it than, beholding it with attention, she began to weep so bitterly that for a long while her words were inaudible. At last she came to herself, and her sons inquired anxiously what this character meant, and if it threatened misfortune to herself or to her family. "Ah! my dear sons," exclaimed the mother, "much happiness awaits you." Her sons pressed round her, and inquired why she wept and lamented if nothing evil, but rather good fortune, was promised them. "My

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dear children," said she, "forgive my sorrow and my tears; I am indeed grieved to part with you, when I hoped that death alone should ever separate us." She then, without waiting for an answer, sang the following words: "Green is grass; blue is the sky; red are roses; golden is the maiden. The *Nornes*[1] beckon you to where the blue sky arches beautifully over green meadows, where lovely maidens with golden hair will encircle you in their snowy arms." Slagfidur, Eigil, and Vaulundur, heard these words with pleasure, for they had frequently asked each other how they should get wives to their liking in a country where the women were so ugly and mean in their appearance. They longed to see the lovely women of the south, of whom their mother, a Swedish princess, loved to speak to them. They had often thought of journeying thither, but the urgent entreaties of their parents had hitherto kept them at home. It was high time that this lucky prophecy should intervene, for it was a melancholy sight to see them wandering at night over the snowy mountains, their hair crisped with frost, and their cheeks wet with bright tears that threw back the reflection of the pale meteors. When the queen had with much wisdom revealed the fortune that awaited

[1] The figures refer to a few Notes at the end of this legend.

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her sons, and both parents saw that it was decreed by the *Nornes*, who sit under the fields of Igdrasil, in Asgard, and decide the destiny of mortals, they submitted with patience, though the mother shed many bitter tears.

The brothers arrayed themselves in light coats of mail, girded on their swords, and placed on their heads helmets forged from the lump of gold that they had found. They had divided the three jewels between them, and had placed them in their helmets in an artful and ingenious manner, which at once gave them an unusual appearance, and set off their natural grace. Slagfidur had chosen the green, Eigil the blue, and Vaulundur the red jewel. They yoked their swift reindeers to their sledges and set off. It was wonderful to behold the three fiery youths, in their bright armour, as they skimmed along the surface of the snow, while the wind, as if in envy, showered white hoar frost on the feathers of their helmets as they brushed rapidly past the trees.

They travelled late in the night, till the stars looked out curious to see whither the wanderers meant to direct their course. As they crossed the plain and came to the mountain where they had been accustomed to dig for ore, they saw by the clear moonlight a number of little men coming out of the mountain in swarms, and

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running over the snow to meet them. Their step was so light that it scarcely left an impression on the snow: they wore gray doublets, sitting close to their forms, and scarlet caps. Their eyes were red; their tongues black, and in constant motion. They were elves, and, drawing near the sledge, they formed themselves into a circle, began to dance, and sang the following words:

"Slagfidur! Eigil! Vaulundur too! will you leave us? sons of a king! children of the mountains! Is not the emerald better than grass? Is not the carbuncle better than roses? Is not the sapphire better than air? And yet will you leave the mountains of Finland?"

At this moment Eigil struck his reindeer: it ran off, and in its flight threw down one of the elves. The others arrested its course, and sang again: "The Finlander's world, the Finlander's bliss, lies under the earth. Seek not without what we offer within. Despise not the elves, small and dark though they be. We show you the way to iron and gold, to variegated jewels. The best is within; seek it not without. The Finlander's world, the Finlander's bliss, is under the earth."

Slagfidur struck his reindeer; it ran off, and threw down another of the elves; the rest stopped its course, and sang again; "Because Slag-

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fidur struck his reindeer, because Eigil struck his reindeer, our hatred shall follow you. A time of weal, a time of woe, a time of grief, a time of death. Because Vaulundur coldly forsook us: a time of weal, a time of woe, a time of grief, a time of joy; he struck not the reindeer. Farewell, Finlanders—sons of a king!"

After this, they were seen in the clear moonlight running towards the mountain over the white plain. Their voices sounded strangely, like a faint night breeze sighing through a thicket covered with snow; and their step was like the faded leaf, that detaches itself from the tree and sports in the air.

The three brothers were much astonished at these magical appearances, yet they had more confidence in the lump of gold, and in their mother's prophecy, than in the dark sayings of the elves. They continued to travel swiftly towards the south: their mother had provided them food for their journey; when they were fatigued they slept in their sledges and covered themselves with reindeer skins.

Travelling in this manner for some days they came to a place in Sweden called Wolf's-dale, on account of the number of wolves that infest it. They built themselves a house on the banks of a lake, in which there was plenty of fish; and as long as winter lasted they lived on

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that, and on the bears and wolves they hunted, of whose skins they made clothes and coverlets. As spring advanced they were almost alarmed to see the sun so high in the heavens; but when they perceived beautiful little flowers spring from the earth, they thought on the fulfilment of the prophecy with a delight which was increased by their remarking, that the sky had become as clear and blue as the jewel in the lump of gold.

Having been accustomed from childhood to work in the mountains, they could not withstand the force of habit, and went one day to the rock that surrounded the Wolf's dale to dig, and to search for ore. Their experience soon enabled them to discover some veins; they pursued their work joyfully and diligently, for it was not so cold here as in Finland; but neither were the veins of metal so rich. As they came down into the valley, laden with their well-earned spoils, a most wonderful spectacle awaited them. They perceived three maidens sitting on the grass by the side of the clear stream spinning flax; their mantles of swan's down were laid beside them; their hair, which was finer and more yellow than the flax they spun, was bound with a silken fillet, and floated in waves of gold over their snowy shoulders. Their figures were light and flexible; and they had

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large blue eyes, with which they threw many friendly glances at the three brothers. At this sight Slagfidur, Eigil, and Vaulundur, became suddenly enamoured. On drawing near, they perceived, much to their astonishment, that the three maidens were attired in green, blue, and red, while the meadow on which they reposed was enamelled with yellow flowers, so that the whole scene bore a close resemblance to the wedge of gold, only it was larger and far more beautiful. No longer doubting that their mother's prophecy was on the eve of its fulfilment, they drew near to relate their adventure to the maidens, and to endeavour to win their love; but as they approached and encountered their bright eyes, still fixed on them, they were so dazzled by their surpassing beauty that they could not utter a word. Then the maidens sang thus: "Noble princes! Slagfidur, Eigil, and Vaulundur, hail valiant heroes! Svanwhide, Alruna, and Alvilda, are sent by the Nornes as messengers of joy and pleasure to the princes of Finland." When the brothers heard these words they embraced the maidens, and conducted them into their dwelling, where they were soon after united. Slagfidur married Svanwhide; Eigil, Alruna; and Vaulundur, Alvilda.

They lived for a long time in undisturbed peace and contentment; but after nine years had passed, it chanced one day, that the three

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wives appeared before their husbands with pale and downcast countenances.—"Dear Lords," said they, "much as we love to be with you, we can remain here no longer. We are Valkyrii[2], and are destined for nine years to follow combatants into fields of battle, and then for other nine years we may again be happy in the arms of our husbands; we dare not oppose the fate which is ordained for us by the powers above; we must acquiesce in it with patience, and we advise you to follow our example if you would be happy. In nine years we will return, and then you shall find us ready, as becomes good wives, to submit to your will in all things." The three brothers were confounded, and struck with sorrow at these words. "In nine years," said they, "our best days will be past; we shall find little happiness in our connexion with you, nor will you find much in ours. "*We* never grow old," replied the Valkyrii, "and men like you, do not soon lose their youth; and that grief may not oppress you, or time hang heavily on your hands in our absence, we leave you these three keys, with which you may obtain entrance into the mountains, and extract precious metals. Thus you will never be without ore for smelting, and you may become rich, eminent, and worthy of renown." Having said these words, they laid

[2] See note.

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down the keys, embraced their husbands, and disappeared.

The three brothers were much grieved at their departure. The Wolf's dale appeared from this time dark and desolate, and they went out only when it became necessary to seek for food. They would often sit down in the dusk of the evening without speaking a word, and would gaze at each other till midnight reminded them to retire to their couches, where they could not sleep, but lay musing on the happy life they had passed with their beloved wives. At last Slagfidur and Eigil determined to set off, and travel through the world in search of their wives. Vaulundur, the youngest brother, sought to dissuade them, by many sensible and prudent reasons. "What good will it do you," said he, "to wander about the world? In what earthly country will it avail to look for those, who most probably take their invisible way through the air? You will only wander about, and starve, and never enjoy the happiness of embracing those you love, which you may hope to do by waiting here with patience to the end of the nine years." The two brothers scarcely listened to these words, so completely had love obtained possession of their minds. Having furnished their wallets with food, and filled their drinking horns with old mead, they took leave of their brother.

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Vaulundur was much moved, and the tears ran plentifully down his cheeks, for he greatly feared that he should never see them again. In vain he entreated them to have patience for a little while. "We cannot," said they, "repress our passion, it gives us no rest night or day." They begged him to look to their house, and to dispose of their property as he should see fit till their return.

When Vaulundur saw that all his endeavours to move their purpose failed, he wished them a happy journey, and requested them, if they should meet his dear Alvilda, to entreat her to return home to him, for he desired to see her with all his heart, although his wishes could not mislead him into disobeying her injunctions; he then accompanied them to the further side of the forest, where they threw themselves into his arms. Then Slagfidur, the eldest brother, said, "Although I hope, and indeed confidently expect, to see you again, my dear brother, yet will I leave a token here, and will pray to the gods to grant it the power of announcing to you, whether I be alive or dead;" he then placed his foot heavily on the ground, and said: "So long as this footmark shall remain plain and uninjured, shall I be in no danger; if it be filled with water, I shall have perished in the sea, if with blood, I shall have fallen in battle, but if you

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find it filled up with earth, I shall have died by disease and shall lie under the ground." Eigil was much pleased with what his brother had done, and left the impression of his foot likewise, at a short distance from the other. They then took their departure, having first cut from the trees, staves for their pilgrimage.

Vaulundur remained gazing at them as far as his eye could reach. When they disappeared behind the hill, he returned home with slow steps and lost in thought. In the mean time the brothers pursued their way; towards evening, they reached the entrance of a thicket, and seated themselves on the banks of a stream that wound through an extensive plain. They spread out their food, and drank to each other from the golden drinking horns. It was in the middle of summer; the evening was cool and mild; the trees which arched over their heads formed a pleasant and refreshing shade, and the birds that sported among the branches, sang songs of joy. The brothers disencumbered themselves of their jewelled helmets, and placed them on the ground. It seemed to Slagfidur, as though the emerald had never shone with so much splendor as at this moment. Its rays mingled with the bright green of the fresh grass and of the young leaves, till it appeared impossible to decide, which of the two borrowed lustre from the other.

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Eigil's helmet lay close to the stream, and the blue jewel united in the same mysterious manner with the colour of the waters, and with the clear sky that arched over them. When they had finished their meal, they placed their drinking horns upright in a molehill that was close by them, and abandoned themselves to the mirth and pleasure, with which the mead, and the beautiful evening had inspired them. In the meantime it grew dark; the moon appeared on the horizon immediately before them, and its rays played with the light that streamed from the golden horns. As they sat thus amicably, Eigil suddenly grew thoughtful, and when Slagfidur inquired what troubled him, he replied: "It seems to me, as if yon moon were looking like a bloodthirsty executioner, and were laughing me to scorn." Slagfidur entreated him to dismiss such thoughts, but Eigil exclaimed: "Where is the blue jewel of my helmet?" "It is still there," said Slagfidur, "but the gloom of night, and the shade of the trees, have extinguished its hue." "Not *its* hue, only," said Eigil, thoughtfully, "but the hue of the earth and of the sky! And so has it fared with the jewel in your helmet; its green lustre has disappeared with the colour of the grass, and of the trees; but yonder moon is the red jewel of Vaulundur, which has conquered and

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will survive us both." Slagfidur scarcely knew what answer to make. "I have bright hopes," said he, "that bloom as green as the jewel in my helmet, by night too, as well as by day." "Ah," replied Eigil, "I have no hope, and am urged by anxious desire to wander through the world seeking for happiness. For this, I have undertaken my journey; for this I gaze whole hours on the blue expanse of heaven; for this cause the garment of Alruna was blue; and desire, sickly, mysterious, and consuming desire is my Valkyrii." Slagfidur shook his head, and handed him the horn filled with mead, which Eigil took readily, and as he drank, his former cheerfulness returned. Slagfidur drank too, and both becoming somewhat elated, they forgot all obstacles, and resolved not to rest till they had found their wives. "If I lose my Svanwhide," exclaimed Slagfidur, "I am undone for ever; she swims through the air like a beautiful swan, her bosom swelling with bashful pride. She is the loveliest woman the sun ever looked on, or that man ever loved." "Thou liest," said Eigil, hastily; "I know one lovelier still, and her name is Alruna; not so fondly does Odin love his Frygga, as Eigil adores her." "I scorn to lie," said Slagfidur, "and may shame and misfortune light on him who slanders me!" "And Eigil!" exclaims the other; "trembles no more than a

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fast-rooted tree, and gives you the lie to your face!" Having exchanged these words, the two brothers drew their swords and fell to blows. Slagfidur at last struck Eigil's helmet violently; the jewel split into a thousand pieces, and immediately Eigil's senses failed him, and he fell backward into the river; at the same moment, the moon lost her red colour and took a livid hue. Slagfidur stood silent and motionless, leaning on his sword, and gazing on the river into which the body of his brother had fallen. Suddenly, he heard a rustling noise in the forest behind him, and a weak and hoarse voice sang these words: "A time of weal, a time of woe, a time of tears, a time of death." He recollected the black elves, and turned hastily towards the forest, but nothing was to be seen. Slagfidur was much moved. He had now come to himself and was reflecting, how lately his brother had sat by his side in health and vigour, what words had passed between them, and how, by pushing him into the river, he had been the cause of his death. "Truly," said he, "Eigil spoke aright of that mysterious, uncertain, unfounded desire, that knows not what it wishes, that can rest neither by day or night, but is just like water, always liable to motion and change. And both are blue, and the jewel in Eigil's helmet was blue, and now he lies under the blue

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waves. Most certainly there is a deeply mysterious affinity between all things in nature, and why should man, his faculties, his mind, his fate, be alone excepted? It was the impetuosity of Eigil's temper that made him throw down the black elf; he induced me to follow his example, and it is indeed unfortunate to make enemies of them. Alas!" said he, after a moment's reflection, "I have slain my brother, my wife has forsaken me, and I wander desolate and unhappy in a foreign land. Shall I return to Vaulundur? or rather, shall I not throw myself into this fatal river, and end all my miseries at once? No! the Nornes have not doomed me to misfortune, the earth is green, and may be depended on with more security than air and water. I yet hope to find my wife, and will not yield to despair." As he pronounced these words he raised his eyes to heaven. The night was perfectly dark; one star alone shone with unwonted lustre, and appeared to approach the earth; Slagfidur leant on his sword, and watched with astonishment this unusual appearance. The star continued to advance, and began to lose its circular form; as its outline became more defined, a human figure appeared gradually to develope itself, and Slagfidur saw that it was his beloved Svanwhide, floating in almost transparent brightness, encir-

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cled by a halo of green. He stretched forth his arms, but his joy was too intense for words. The apparition beckoned, and Slagfidur felt inspired with courage and hope. The light transparent form beckoned again, and began to play softly on a flute. He now no longer doubted that he should recover his beloved, and throwing his coat of mail and his sword on the ground that they might not impede his progress, he began to climb the mountain. When he had reached midway, he felt as though some invisible hand were drawing him back towards the valley. He turned, and imagined that he saw the spirit of his mother standing before him, and heard her say these words—"My son, enjoy the life that Odin has bestowed on you in tranquil contentment; strive not against his will, against the Nornes or the wise Mimir[1]. Shall the magic sounds of fancy seduce you? the evil is but shadowy, yet has it power to destroy you." As Slagfidur paused to reflect on these words, the green meteor danced in the air, and beckoned him again. He could restrain himself no longer, but followed, gazing intently on the floating form. Sometimes he had to swim over mountain streams, sometimes to climb over huge masses of rock, and sometimes to leap over immense chasms which looked like the jaws of dragons yawning to devour him. He remarked too

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that as he mounted, the figure lost its brilliancy, and the features became distorted. He grew anxious, and would willingly have retraced his steps, but it was now too late. An irresistible power still drove him onwards, and at last, as he had attained the summit of the mountain, he perceived, by the dawning light, that his conductor was—a black elf. He scrambled over the highest point of the rock. Far beneath him, lay a green plain, which extended to the verge of the horizon. The grass, sparkling with the dew of morning, seemed to invite him; he felt a sudden and irresistible desire to plunge into its verdant bosom. The elf turned round quickly, and exclaimed—"A time of death." Immediately Slagfidur precipitated himself from the summit of the rock into the green abyss below, and was dashed to pieces.

Vaulundur rose early on the following morning, and looked at the three keys that the Valkyrii had given to him, and to his brothers. One was of iron, another of copper, and the third of gold. He took the first that came to hand, which happened to be the copper one, and, prompted by curiosity, betook himself to the mountain. Having walked for some time along the bank of the river, he came suddenly on a part of the mountain that presented the appearance of a bare shelving wall. This seeming a

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convenient place, he drew forth his key, and placed it against the rock; hardly had he done so, when the mountain flew apart, and displayed to his astonished gaze a green grotto. Jewels of various size, and of the same kind with that which adorned Slagfidur's helmet, were set in the rock, on which the beautiful copper ore threw a brilliant lustre: green crystals like icicles were suspended from the vault above, and formed in some parts of the cave noble pillars; overhead, where the rock had burst open, the shrubs were interlaced so closely, that the sky was scarcely visible. Vaulundur took away with him a piece of ore as large as he could carry; scarcely had he left the cavern when the aperture closed with a rapidity and noiselessness which excited his admiration; he could not discover where the entrance had been, and would have taken the whole for an illusion or a dream, had not the heavy burden on his shoulders, convinced him of its reality. He went home, smelted and refined the ore from the dross that hung about it, and made a huge copper helmet, in which he set three of the largest emeralds. This work occupied him some days; when it was finished, he took the iron key, went to the mountain, and set it against a steep part of the rock. It flew open as it had done before, but his eyes were enchanted with a very different

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spectacle. The walls were of iron ore, which shone with a bright blue lustre, like steel that has been submitted to the influence of fire. In this flux of steel, were many blue jewels similar to that which Eigil wore in his helmet. A stream which flowed through the cavern, borrowed its hue from the clear azure of the sky that canopied the cleft above; on the edge of which grew a profusion of violets and germanders. Vaulundur was delighted at this spectacle; after having feasted his eyes on it for a long time, he took up a large piece of iron, in which were set the most splendid jewels, and placing it on his shoulders, he left the cavern, and immediately the rock closed. From the iron ore, Vaulundur forged a sword, and ornamented the scabbard with blue jewels; this sword was so elastic that he could wind it round his body, and so sharp, that it would cut through a solid rock as though it had been clay. When he had finished it, he took the golden key, went to the mountain and proceeded as has been described before. But all that he had seen in his two first visits, was as nothing in comparison to the magnificent spectacle that met his gaze now. The mountain did not, as before, open perpendicularly, but formed a vaulted archway, at the end of which he could descry land and sea. The entrance to this archway was strewn with young roses, and the sides

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sparkled with gold. Rubies were scattered over the partitions, and between them grew coral, and crystals of light and lively hue. But the greatest marvel, was to see the vines winding about the crevices in the rocks, and bearing innumerable bunches of grapes, which vied with the rubies of the mountain in size and colour. To complete this lovely scene, the morning sun rose from the sea beyond, and bathed every object in his glowing light. Vaulundur took up a large piece of gold, but it was long before he could persuade himself to leave the mountain, for he felt as if he could never grow weary of looking at this beautiful cavern, and of plucking the fruit. At last he went forth, and the mountain closed behind him. He now forged a beautiful breastplate and ornamented it with red jewels. This occupied his whole attention for some time, but having at length finished it, he bethought him of his brothers, and recollected the mark they had left at the entrance of the forest; he repaired thither, but when he reached the spot where Eigil had left the print of his footsteps, he found the whole place covered with water, which gave back the reflection of the blue sky. The opposite place where Slagfidur had impressed his foot, was not only covered with earth, but the fresh green grass had already begun to spring up. A bird had perched on the

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branch of a birch tree that grew close to this spot, and whenever a light breeze sprang up, and rippled the water or the grass, it raised its voice, and uttered an unwonted and mournful song. From these signs Vaulundur knew that both his brothers had perished miserably; he returned to his hut with a heavy heart, musing on the warning he had given them. The tears streamed down his face, and he could not taste food the whole day, so great was his sorrow and anguish. Some time afterwards he went back to the mountain and brought home more gold; at last he arranged a regular working place, and determined to employ himself in constant labour till the nine years should elapse. He forged all kinds of costly ornaments and armour, and became celebrated through the whole country for his skill and wealth. When he grew tired of other work, he made a number of gold rings, and strung them on a strip of bark, which he spread on the ground; whenever he finished one of these rings and placed it with the rest, he thought of his lost Alvilda, and how these rings would set off her taper fingers and round white arms, were she now with him. The number of these gold rings amounted at last to seven hundred.

About this time King Nidudr reigned in Sweden, he was a little meagre man, with a pale

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countenance and sunken eyes, and was known all over that country for his malevolent and avaricious disposition. Nothing annoyed him more than to hear that any of his neighbours had distinguished themselves; he had slain three noble Skalds with his own hand, for telling him that he wrote bad poetry, for though he was utterly devoid of manly courage, and possessed no one good quality, he was so effeminate and vain, that he was extremely desirous of passing for an eminent and wise person, while he was in fact weak in mind and body. This king had no sooner heard of Vaulundur's wealth and treasure, than he secretly determined to make himself master of all his possessions; yet he was so great a coward, that the mere thought of carrying his plans into execution made him turn pale with terror. When his first alarm had somewhat subsided, he called together his principal courtiers, and said: "I hear that there is a man in my kingdom, Vaulundur by name, who is renowned everywhere for his great possessions in gold and silver, and for his skill in forging weapons and making costly ornaments: I know that when he first came hither, he was but a poor miner; he must therefore have obtained his wealth, either by sorcery and magic, the usual art of these Finlanders, or else by robbery and violence. It is my command then, that the

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ablest of my yeomen and men at arms should buckle on their iron breastplates, and ride with me in the dead of night to Vaulundur's dwelling, that we may obtain possession of his goods and seize on his person." "Oh, King Nidudr," said one of the courtiers, "it is very natural that you should desire to seize this robber, but it seems strange that you should propose to take a whole troop of soldiers against one man. If he possesses no supernatural strength, surely one of your men at arms would be able to overpower him, but if, through magic art, he has acquired the force of a giant, we shall be able to do nothing with him, however numerous we may be." King Nidudr did not know what answer to make, so he flew into a violent passion, seized his sword with both hands, raised it high in the air, and let it fall on the head of his adviser. But the king's arm being weak, and the courtier's skull remarkably thick, the blow produced no effect; the king perceiving that this method of proceeding was useless, snatched up a spear and ran it through the body of his imprudent counsellor, who instantly fell down dead. He then summoned his men at arms, told them what he had resolved to do, and pointed to the body of their murdered comrade, as a hint what they might expect by opposing his will. This made a considerable impression

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on their minds, the more so as the greater part of them were as cowardly as their sovereign, so they promised to stand by him to the last drop of their blood.

When the sun was down, they arrayed themselves in armour, mounted their horses, and each having a naked spear in his hand, they proceeded at a slow pace to Vaulundur's dwelling. King Nidudr was very uneasy the whole way, for the moon rose in unclouded splendour, and his heart throbbed with fear, lest her rays, falling on the bright spears, should lead to the discovery of his party. In this manner they reached Vaulundur's dwelling; which stood open, and they stole quietly into the house: it was perfectly untenanted and deserted. As no one was to be seen, and the king's eyes were already dazzled by the sight of so much gold, he commanded one of his people to take up the strip of bark on which the seven hundred rings were strung. He looked at it with extreme delight, put the finest of the rings on his finger, and desired his followers to replace the band, and to conceal themselves in the apartment till Vaulundur's return. They had not waited long, when they heard a man's step advancing through the court with a firm tread. "I hear Vaulundur coming," exclaimed the king; "those steps announce

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strength and lofty stature. Beware that none of you run into danger. I hereby entreat and command you on your allegiance, and on peril of your lives, not to stir from your places till I give the signal." Vaulundur now appeared at the door carrying a bear on his shoulders, and in his hand a spear, from which the blood still ran. He had been hunting all day, and returned home at midnight, hungry and tired, to take his evening meal. He had found no game; for having penetrated into the thickest part of the forest, he had begun to think of his beloved Alvilda, and of his brothers. Tired and exhausted, he seated himself on a mass of rock, and, leaning his cheek on his hand, was indulging in a profound reverie, when a bear coming out of the forest, and advancing suddenly towards him, awakened him to a sense of his danger. He had killed the animal, and was now coming home heavily laden and out of spirits. He proceeded to skin the bear, and having heaped coals on the hearth, and laid dry brushwood on the top of them, a great flame soon blazed up. He then took a golden horn filled with bear's blood, and sprinkled some of it on the fire, as an offering to Odin and Thor. Having performed this duty, he took from his helmet a garland of birch intertwined with red pine berries, and dedicated

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it to Freya: he next cut some slices from the bear, stuck them on the end of his spear, and held them before the fire till they were fit to eat: when all was ready he poured out a cup of mead, and drank to the memory of his brothers, as was his constant custom. Having finished his meal, he took the bear's skin and stretched it on pegs of wood that it might be dried by the wind. Vaulundur then turned to the strip of bark and began to count the rings: he was astonished to find that one, the finest of the whole, had disappeared; he lived far up among the mountains, and he thought that even if robbers had found entrance into his dwelling they would have taken away all the rings. Perhaps, thought he, my dear wife, my Alvilda, is returned, and announces her arrival by this token, fearing lest sudden joy might kill me. His mind fully occupied with this idea, he laid himself down on his couch, and resolved to await the event; but all continuing quiet, he stretched out his limbs and slept peacefully, first exclaiming, "Till Freya shall send the harbinger of joy, her handmaiden Hnos[4], to my assistance, I confide myself to thy power, gentle Siofn." When King Nidudr perceived that Vaulundur was quite asleep he crept forth with his men and commanded them to fetter him with heavy chains, to prevent his moving

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when he should awake. Vaulundur started, and was amazed to see so many men surround him and treat him in this manner. Thinking they must be robbers, he exclaimed, "If ye come to rob me of my costly treasures, take them away freely, and release me, I promise to make no resistance, which would indeed avail me little against such odds." "Ah," replied the king, "Loke[6] gave soft words and fair promises in Jothenheim, but he outwitted the Jutes at last. I am neither the robber or murderer for whom you so boldly take me, but thy sovereign lord King Nidudr." "Great king," said Vaulundur, "you do my poor dwelling much honour, but why confine me in chains and fetters like a malefactor?" "I know thee well, Vaulundur," said Nidudr; "thou camest poor enough from Finland hither, and now thou ownest better jewels and drinking cups than Nidudr in his princely halls. How cometh this to pass?" "If I be lawfully charged with robbery," replied Vaulundur, "you will do well to lead me bound to your dungeons; but if not, why do you thus misuse me?" "But," said Nidudr, "wealth does not come of its own accord; and if thine was not acquired by robbery, thou must be a vile magician, on whose proceedings it behoves me to keep a watchful eye." "If I were a magician," said Vaulundur, "it would

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be easy for me to burst asunder these fetters. I know not that I have designedly robbed any one; but if it be proved against me, I will restore it to him tenfold. As to what concerns the favour of the gods, and their especial gifts, no man does well to grudge these to another, since they can neither be imparted, nor can they be taken by force from their possessor. It is, therefore my earnest prayer, oh king, that you will release me, and I will ransom my liberty at whatever price you may be pleased to set upon it." But Nidudr, turning to his followers, said, "Take him away, and let me hear no more of his crafty and wicked words." The guards then led away Vaulundur, and he, perceiving how little resistance would avail him, acquiesced in his fate. They took away too all the gold and jewels, which Nidudr was impatient to display to the queen; at the same time he gave orders that Vaulundur should be thrown into a dungeon which was full fifteen fathoms under ground.

The queen was dazzled by the sight of such immense wealth, and by the splendour of the sparkling jewels; the king presented many ornaments to her, and gave the ring that he had first taken from the band of bark to his daughter Baudvilde. He himself was delighted to possess Vaulundur's sword, the hilt of which, like

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Asathor's battle axe, Miölner hammered'; it was set with sapphires, as before described.

As the queen was sitting one day in her own apartment, and playing on the harp, the king inquired of her, what would, in her opinion, be the best manner to dispose of Vaulundur, since he did not think it advisable to put him to death, but rather to make use of his skill in forging costly ornaments. The queen sang these words, while she continued to play on her harp: "His heart will swell high, when he sees his good sword, and recognises his ring on Baudvilde. Do thou cut asunder the sinews of his strength, and afterwards keep him prisoner on Sävarsted." The king thought this advice very reasonable. Sävarsted was a little island situated in a bay not far from the shore, on which had stood for many ages an old red tower, overgrown with moss and lichen. To this tower Vaulundur was led by the king's guards, after they had cut the sinews of his ancles, in pursuance of the queen's advice. Here they gave him his tools, and placed by his side the chests of gold that they had found in his hut. In this situation he was forced to work from morning to night, and to make costly drinking cups, helmets, and other valuables for the king. Except the king, no one dared to visit him, for Nidudr was afraid, that, if he should send any other person there,

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they might purloin some of the treasures. Here Vaulundur remained a whole year, and laboured indefatigably, for it was only by constant occupation that he could forget the vexation and anguish that inwardly oppressed him. King Nidudr had commanded him to forge, by a certain day, a whole suit of armour of pure gold. He sat one day working at the shield, on which he had represented various deeds of the gods. Here Odin, seated in the summit of Hlidskialf[8], looked over the whole universe; here Frygga[9], with her Dysen, appeared in Valhalla among the heroes, who were seated on branches of oak, and were drinking out of immense horns; in another part of the shield he had, with much art, represented Thor fishing in the sea, and in what manner he terrified the giant Ymer, while he was drawing up on his hook the great serpent Iormungarder[10]; but when, wishing to represent Freya seated between the lovers in Folkvangar, he gave to her countenance the features and expression of his beloved Alvilda, tears streamed from his eyes, and he could no longer continue his labour, but was obliged to throw aside his chisel. When he had somewhat recovered, he exclaimed aloud, "Oh my lovely, my ever beloved wife, if we meet no more on earth, may I at least hope to embrace you after death in the halls of Freya

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in Folkvangur. Where dwellest thou now, my Valkyria? If thou couldest behold me in my present pitiable condition, wouldst thou love me still? Alas! that were impossible; since, from being a powerful and well favoured hero, I am become but a maimed and miserable slave. I sit here, blackened with coal and dust, my eyes reddened by smoke, my arms exhausted by labour, chained to a stone, with mutilated feet. My brothers have perished miserably, and I must look on, while the infamous Nidudr displays my treasures, and makes a harvest of my labour. Nothing has yet preserved my life but the hope of being, some day, revenged on my enemies; but this hope will soon die away, and then shall I put an end to my miserable existence." As he uttered these words, he seized a sword, which he had lately forged, and turned its point towards his broad and rugged bosom. At the same moment he heard a bird singing sweetly before the iron bars of his window. The evening was clear and calm, and the golden rays of the setting sun threw their parting light across the opening in the massy walls of the prison. Vaulundur wished to look once more on nature before his death. He rose, and mounting the stone to which he was chained, succeeded in reaching the window, which commanded a free view. The sea bathed the walls of the

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tower; on a point of land at a short distance, stood the hut of a peasant, who was sitting before the door with his wife and children. The sun was setting in the sea immediately opposite, and the cold waves were sporting and warming themselves in his glowing beams, while the bird continued to pour forth his song before the window of the tower.

Vaulundur was deeply moved. It was the charm of this soft and lovely scenery that had allured him from his cold and gloomy Finland, and had thus been the cause of his own and his brothers' ruin. He remained at the window, pensive and silent, his head leaning on his arm, and his eyes wandering over the wide expanse of sea, while many sad thoughts rose on his mind. When he awakened from his reverie, it seemed to him as if his soul had made a long and wonderful journey, of which the greater part was already forgotten. He looked again on the sea; the waves had lost their crimson glow, and were now silvered by the moon, which rode high in the heavens. In the distance, where the waves were brightest, he perceived something moving. It approached nearer and nearer, and, as it drew close to him, he saw that it was a young Nixie[11]. Her form, to the girdle, resembled that of a young and beautiful female; her long black hair was braided with

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seaweed, and her snowy bosom rivalled the foam of the sea. She held in her hand a lyre, on which she played. It sent forth mysterious sounds, which blended with the murmurs of the waves, with the moonlight, and with the song of the bird. Vaulundur stood motionless. As she drew near to the window she stopped short, raised her voice, and sang these words:

The man whom the Nornes
From childhood have loved,
What ills can await him,
What sorrows can move?
Does the jewel of red
Not strengthen his might?
Can oppression or grief
Dim that heavenly light?

The colours are lovely
When kindly they show,
And dear is the soft green
To mortals below.
How joyful the gods,
When light, chasing the dew,
Leaves the clear vault of heav'n
Unclouded and blue.

But when storms lower round
All its brightness is flown;
Too soon the fresh green
Of fair summer is gone;
The air and the water
Are lovely and bright,

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Yet, like painted cheeks,
Shine with borrowed light.

But heavenly fire never fades;
Still its self-existing might,
Its bright influence pervades,
All that gives or feels delight.
In rays from above
Makes all nature glow,
Or sleeps in the earth's
Precious gems below.

Before cruel fate
All happiness flies;
Led by Hope and Desire
It approaches and dies;
As the cold wind that freezes
The blossoming year,
When the stern god of ice
In dark clouds draweth near.

He whom Odin has chosen
Oppression to dare,
The favoured of Heaven,
His honour is rare.
The Nornes have sung
That his bliss is secure,
If his heart do not fail,
If his courage endure.

It still sleeps in the storm,
That life-giving ray,
Then weep not, repine not,
Grief passes away.

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Trust Love, who, returning,
Thy foes shall destroy,
Burst asunder thy fetters,
And crown thee with joy.

When the Nixie had finished her song, she looked up to Vaulundur's window with a friendly smile, and swam away like a swan over the wide expanse of ocean, still holding her lyre. When she had gone a little distance, she dived under the waves, and at the same moment the bird flew away from the window, and the moon hid herself behind a cloud. Vaulundur laid himself down to rest; his courage was strengthened and his heart lighter since he had heard the song of the fairy of the sea.

Some days afterwards, King Nidudr came to the prison, and found amongst other things, the three keys. He pressed for an explanation of their use, and when Vaulundur would not comply with his desire, he became so angry, that, seizing hold of an axe, he threatened to put him to death, unless he told him all he knew about them immediately. Vaulundur was obliged to have recourse to a full confession, and revealed their wonderful and rare properties. The king was overjoyed, and took the keys with him with the purpose of making an early trial of the truth of all he had heard. He made immediate preparations for a journey to the mountains, and

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in a few days was on his way thither. When he arrived at the place that Vaulundur had described, he divided his followers into three parties, and sent two of them to a place at some distance; he determined to enter the mountain himself with the third, provided he found that the copper key had really the promised effect. For this purpose he gave it to one of the most faithful and courageous of his followers, and desired him to set it against the perpendicular face of the mountain. On obeying this command, they saw, much to their surprise, the mountain split open from the top to the bottom. King Nidudr desired his followers to enter—but here a miserable fate awaited them. For the ground, which to appearance was covered with green plants, was in fact nothing but a bottomless marsh, in which several of the men sank immediately, and first of all, he who had the charge of the key. Amongst those who were not buried in the marsh were some who perished yet more miserably; for there was a number of green serpents which hung like crystals from the vault, and dropped poison on the soldiers below, which penetrating their coats of mail, entered their bodies and caused immediate death. The king and some of his followers had a narrow escape of their lives, and indeed only preserved them by keeping in the background.

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As soon as the remnant of the party had left the mountain, it closed suddenly.

King Nidudr was so exhausted with fear at this unlooked-for event, that his followers were obliged to carry him to a mossy bank and lay him under a great tree, where at last he recovered his senses. No sooner had he come to himself, than he exclaimed:—"It is well that neither of the other parties have been present, or know any thing of this mischance; for although for all the gold in the world, I would not put my own royal life in danger from these magical tricks, yet I have a great desire to know what would happen if one were to make use of the other two keys; my good friend, Storbiorn," continued he, "do you take these two keys, and give one to the leader of each of those troops, and tell them that my desire is, that they should proceed as I have begun, but manage so that the one party may not see what may happen to the other." "Only give the keys to me, my lord king," said Storbiorn, "and I shall know how to manage for the best. Let these magicians carry their joke ever so far, I am not afraid of them, and I will be present myself." This speech pleased Nidudr vastly. So Storbiorn went and delivered the king's commands to the other two bands, whereupon one of them remained behind, while the other went with Storbiorn to the mountain. As

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soon as they arrived, the key was given to one of the troop, and he was commanded to place it against the rock; it burst asunder, and Storbiorn commanded that the men should enter. Scarcely had one half of the troop gone into the cavern, when a mountain stream, furious and foaming like a blue frothing serpent, poured itself on them, and drowned the greater part of them. Storbiorn commanded the few that had escaped, to go to the king, to tell him all that had happened, and to remain with him. He himself went in the meantime to the third troop, and accompanied them as far as the rock, where he gave the third key to one of the men, and desired him to go on boldly, he himself continuing to keep quite behind. When the rock had opened, he commanded the men to enter. They obeyed, and found nothing alarming; on the contrary, the sides of the cavern were strewn thickly with gold and precious stones. When Storbiorn had convinced himself that there was no danger, and a great deal of gold, he forgot all his former fear, and entered the cavern with the others. Suddenly a red flame, accompanied with a terrific noise and crackling, broke forth in serpentine floods, with clouds of smoke that suffocated and destroyed them all, excepting one servant, who had not ventured in, and who now made the best of his way back to the king, and related all

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that had happened. When King Nidudr heard this, he ordered his horse to be brought out immediately, gathered together the remnant of his troop, and returned to his palace with all speed.

In the meantime Vaulundur was labouring quietly and incessantly in his prison at Sävarsted. The king had commanded him to forge a suit of armour of pure gold, and he had been employed on it day and night. He had made besides, a coat of mail, a helmet, a shield, and armour for the thighs; all of them superior to any thing that had been seen before. The king had invited many mighty men of note to meet him at his palace on his return from the mountain, intending to surprise them with a sight of the booty that he expected to bring home with him. It was for this occasion that Vaulundur had prepared the golden armour. When the king arrived at his palace, he was met by his queen and Bandvilde, who told him that the hall was already crowded with guests, and inquired very particularly how matters had gone, and whether he had obtained much booty; at the same time they informed him that the golden armour was finished and lay in the armoury, where he might put it on before he should appear among his guests. The king was very sparing of words, and merely told them that all

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had gone well, and if they would go in he would shortly follow, and tell them all that had happened. So the queen went into the hall with her daughter, and poured out to the guests; but the king repaired to the armoury, arrayed himself in the coat of mail, and put on his head the helmet, which was so heavy that he could scarcely endure the weight. He took the good sword that Vaulundur had forged, the scabbard of which was set with sapphires, and entering the hall where his guests were assembled, he seated himself on his throne. The Jarles and other heroes were indeed astonished at the splendour of his appearance, on his first entry, they almost fancied that they beheld the god Thor of Trudvanger. They were soon undeceived, when they had a nearer view of his thin and pale countenance, which had indeed nothing in common with that of the brave god of war, unless it were the helmet that enriched it. In the mean time, they admired not only this splendid attire, but the jewels worn by the queen and her daughter; they became the latter particularly, for she was very beautiful, although, like her mother, of a haughty and cruel temper. When they had partaken of a magnificent repast, and the horns of mead had been passed merrily round, they became quite at ease, and begged the king to show them the

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author of this costly and skilful workmanship. Nidudr was warmed with mead, and having lost some of his usual suspicious prudence, was very anxious to wreak his vengeance on Vaulundur, to whom he attributed the failure of his enterprise, and the loss of his people. He entrusted the key of the tower to a jarl, named Eyvind, and sent two others with him. He commanded them to bring forth Vaulundur, and added, as a warning, that if on his next visit to the tower, he should find a single grain of gold missing, it should cost them all their lives.

The king's followers got into a boat and rowed over to Sävarsted; on the way, one of them being intoxicated, fell into the water; the others (that they might lose no time) left him there, and came in all haste to the prison, where they found Vaulundur hard at work. They bound his hands, put him into the boat, and rowed over to the palace. As soon as they arrived, they led him, blackened with coal and dust, and set him before the guests. Then Eyvind, the jarl, advanced to the king, and said, "We have done as you have desired, Sir King, and must now hasten back to find Gullorm, who fell into the sea, and whom, rather than keep you waiting, we have left lying there." "Let him remain where he is," said Nidudr, "he will never drown if he be not drowned long ere this—for

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you, in reward of your truth and fidelity, take these gifts;" and he presented to each of them a gold chain.

The guests were much surprised to see the person who had made all these costly treasures, a miserable cripple. But Nidudr said to them, "This dwarf was once a stately hero, strong and handsome, but I have bowed down his stubborn neck." The queen and her daughter added fresh taunts, and said; "The maidens of Finland will scarcely fancy a lover who cannot stand upright; and how will you appear in battle, Vaulundur, with your broken ankle-bones." Vaulundur endured all these taunts unmoved, till one of the king's sons took up a bone from the table, and threw it at his head. At length, losing all patience, Vaulundur seized the bone, and attacking Nidudr, beat him about the head till the clasps that fastened his helmet gave way, and the helmet itself fell off. The guests all exclaimed, that this courage in a cripple was praiseworthy, and entreated the king to let him go back to his prison without further molestation. But the king started, exclaiming, "He has done mischief enough, it is time now that he meet his punishment." Thereupon he related his journey to the mountain, all the sorcery he had witnessed there, and the fate of his followers. When the guests heard all this they

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pronounced it perfectly reasonable to punish so infamous and wicked a magician. "I could easily deprive him of life," said Nidudr, "but that would be but a small chastisement; for, to so wretched a cripple, death would be a welcome guest. I have still some gold left, I will let him live to use that up. But that he may never have it in his power to say, that he brought shame and reproach to me, and escaped unpunished, let my servants take him hence and put out one of his eyes; let him henceforth contrive to work with one eye." All that Vaulundur could say in proof of his innocence was unavailing; and Baudvilde, the king's daughter, was so much enraged against him, that she offered to carry the sentence into execution herself; she had practised the art of healing, and understood how to bind up wounds. Vaulundur was led into another room and bound so fast that he could not move his head, while Baudvilde came forward with a polished iron, and prepared to effect her cruel purpose. When Vaulundur saw her advance towards him, and perceived her intention, he could keep silence no longer, and exclaimed, "I have been wretched indeed since I fell into the hands of King Nidudr; nor can I hope that my fate will change, since a greater tyrant is not to be found in the universe. Nature, in giving him that odious and cruel

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countenance, stamped him a villain. But thou, oh maiden, provoke not Freya, who has lent you charms equal to her own, by undertaking an office fit only for the most hideous witch of Niflheim. Thy soft and white hand is better fitted to clasp a rose, or some other beauteous flower, than to whet that murderous steel, which threatens to deprive me of sight. Be moved by my entreaties, for in entreating you, I do no dishonour to myself; do not make me suffer beyond what I already endure; I swear by all the gods that I am innocent of your father's disappointment." These words, which would have moved a raging bear, much more the heart of a woman, had no effect on the cruel princess. She drew near, like a poisonous snake about to inflict a mortal wound. She commanded one of her servants to cover the one eye with his hand (for she could not endure Vaulundur's keen and threatening gaze) while she put out the other, which she received in a small gold cup, and carried it to the king, having first bound up the wound and placed on it a decoction of healing herbs. From this moment Vaulundur remained lost in thought, and perfectly motionless; and presently afterwards the servants conducted him back to Sävarsted. There he remained, neglectful of himself and unfit for labour, deprived of one eye, and his

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face disfigured by a ghastly wound. Sighing deeply, he exclaimed; "Now am I indeed ten times more miserable than before, more and more enfeebled, my wrath, which increases daily, is becoming powerless as the resentment of a woman. The song that the Nixie sang to me, in which she described the three colours, invigorated my dejected soul with faint hopes, but Nidudr's wickedness and his daughter's cruelty have quite extinguished them; my only desire now is, that a speedy death may enable me to reach Valhalla, or that at least I may find the refuge of a rescued bondsman with Thor in Trudvanger[12]. But grant me vengeance first, ye omniscient maidens, Urthr, Werthandi, and Skuld; grant me to be revenged of Nidudr and his whole race."

One night as Vaulundur sat lost in melancholy, he saw from his window two red lights far off at sea. They kept moving continually, and drew near to his tower. Ah! thought he, this is another illusive vision coming to induce me by its incomprehensible mysterious songs, to preserve my life only that I may endure the greater misery. While he entertained this idea, he heard the key of his prison-door turn, and the voices of two men talking together in the outer apartment. He recognised the king's two sons, Gram and Skule, and heard Skule say to his brother: "Let us first demand from him the key

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of the chest of gold, and when we have taken from it what we want, let us put him to death, lest he betray us to our father." When Vaulundur heard these words, he seized a large sword that lay by his side, and concealed it behind the place where he sat. The princes entered the prison, and Gram went up to Vaulundur, and said: "Our father, Nidudr, is gone a journey far into the country; his avarice prevents his giving us, his lawful sons, our due portion of his wealth, and we have sailed here in secret, to take possession of part of these treasures; give us the key, and swear not to betray us, or we will put thee to death." "My dear lords," replied Vaulundur, "my misery and constant toil may have weakened my mind as well as my body, but misfortune has not yet made me foolish enough to refuse a request so reasonable as yours—besides that, it would not be to my interest to do so: I give you the key, and, in the name of the gods above, I take the oath you require—that I will never betray you." He then gave them the key, and desired them to open the chest that stood close by him, as they would find enough there to satisfy all their wishes.

The brothers took the key and opened the chest, which was half full of gold: they were so delighted by its splendour that, in order to obtain a nearer view of it, they stooped down

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and leaned over the edge of the chest. Vaulundur no sooner perceived this, than he seized the sword, raised it, and, with a sudden blow, cut off both their heads, which fell into the chest, while the bodies fell back, streaming with blood. "And now," said Vaulundur, as he closed the chest, "now, you may feast your eyes at leisure." He then dug a deep pit in his dungeon, and buried the two bodies there. He had heard the princes say, that their father had gone on a distant journey, and would be absent for some time. And now, thought he, although this serpent race of Niflheim have deprived me of strength and dignity, have reduced me to the condition of a miserable slave, and have combined to heap insults on me, yet I have it still in my power to wreak a deadly revenge on them; a revenge that will not stop here, but will, I trust, be the first proof that the Nornes have listened to my prayers for retribution. Having determined what to do, he reopened the chest, took out the heads, and separating the skulls, dried them in the sun, and formed them into a pair of splendid drinking cups, set in gold. He then contrived to harden the eyes, which he set after the manner of precious stones, and ornamented two armlets with them. He filed the teeth till they became round like pearls, and made them into a necklace. When the

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king returned from his journey, he paid a visit to the prison, and Vaulundur produced these two drinking cups, and said that they were made of a pair of rare shells, which had been thrown up by the sea, and that he had contrived to reach them with a pair of pincers. The armlets he presented to the queen, and the necklace to Baudvilde. They were all delighted, and believed themselves to be possessed of rare treasures.

After Gram and Skule had been absent for some time, some ferrymen brought their boat, which they had found driving about on the open sea; their father supposed that they must have been drowned in making some little excursion: he prepared to keep their funeral feast, and invited all his principal subjects to a magnificent banquet. On this occasion the two drinking cups were filled with mead, and the queen and Baudvilde adorned themselves with the armlets and necklace; besides this, Baudvilde wore the beautiful ring that her father had long since taken from the strip of bark. The guests began by admiring the magnificence displayed by the king, his queen, and their daughter, and ended by drinking deeply, and prolonged their festivity far into the night. About midnight, just as the cock crew, their mirth was suddenly interrupted. As the king was lifting

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one of the cups to his lips, he was seized with an extraordinary pain in the head. The queen, too, who was never tired of gazing at her splendid armlet, felt a violent pain in her eyes—for by the flickering light, the supposed jewels emitted such extraordinary and ghastly hues, that she could endure them no longer; and Baudvilde, who was sitting beside her mother, attired in the necklace, was overpowered by a violent toothache. The guests were obliged to take leave of their royal hosts, who repaired to rest immediately, but experienced no diminution of their agony till daybreak. In the morning, no trace of their illness remained, and they fancied it might have been occasioned by their late watching.

Baudvilde was in great dejection during the whole day; in retiring to rest on the preceding evening, she had forgotten to take off the armlet, and in her agony during the night, she had struck her arm against the wall, and had broken some of the ornaments on the ring. It was richly chased and very valuable, and she was afraid to mention the accident to her violent and cruel father; still less durst she speak of it to her mother. Towards evening, she was walking in the grove that bordered the shore, from which she had a view of Vaulundur's tower. Ah, thought she, if I had not done this

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slave so much wrong, he might now be of use to me; at length, Baudvilde's masculine and intrepid spirit prevailed, and she resolved as soon as it should be dark, to loose the boat, take a pair of oars, and row over to the tower. I will oblige him to mend the ornament, thought she, and if he refuse I can easily be revenged on such a forlorn cripple. When it became dark, and there was no longer any danger of her being watched or interrupted, the bold maiden got into a boat, which was fastened to a stake on the shore, and began to row towards the tower; when she had gone about half way, an old merman with a long beard, lifted his head above the waves, and while he held back the boat with one hand, sang these words—"The sea is false, but falser still the heart of the captive—he will not improve your ornament, but rather destroy a more precious jewel." Instead of listening to this friendly caution, Baudvilde struck the merman a blow with her oar, exclaiming, "Down, sea-beard," for neither she nor her parents believed in the gods, nor in the signs that they send as warnings to mankind. At length she arrived at Vaulundur's tower, to which she obtained entrance by means of a false key. No sooner did Vaulundur perceive her than he formed a design that promised him full revenge; he received her courteously, begged her to be

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seated, and undertook to mend the ornament as quickly as possible, but told her, that, in order to forward his labour, it would be necessary for her to work the bellows. "How comes it that these bellows are sprinkled with blood?" inquired Baudvilde. "That," replied Vaulundur, "is the blood of two young sea-dogs, who tormented me for a long time, but whom I succeeded at last in catching, when they least expected it. He then begged her to work the bellows well, and as she grew tired and thirsty, he gave her a liquid in which some soporific herbs had been mixed; she drank it, sat down on a bench to rest, and soon went to sleep. Vaulundur seized hold of her, bound her hands, threw her into the boat, and committed her to the mercy of the wild waves. He then shut the door, took a large flat piece of gold, engraved on it a recital of all that he had done, and placed it where it must necessarily meet the eye of the king. Having finished this, he exclaimed aloud, "Now is my hour come;" he seized his spear, and setting it against the wall, was in the act of throwing himself on it, when suddenly he heard from afar, a low and sweet song, accompanied by the tones of a lute.

It was full daylight, and the clear expanse of heaven was blue and cloudless, yet towards the east he perceived a large star, the bright-

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ness of whose rays was not diminished by the splendour of the sun. He was surprised to see a many-coloured rainbow that appeared at the same time in the clear sky. It sprang from the east, close to the glittering star, and sank in the sea immediately opposite his prison. His admiration increased every moment, for the flowers that adorned the island, and that had but lately begun to shoot forth their spring blossoms, unfolded themselves visibly at the approach of the star, while the perfume of the young roses that grew on the shore, was wafted towards the distant tower. Vaulundur now perceived that what he had taken for a star was the golden chariot of Freya, on which sat the mighty Asynien herself in all her splendour, and by her side two maidens, whom as yet Vaulundur could not recognise. A flowing garment of blue adorned the white shoulders of Freya, and fluttering far behind was lost in the blue sky. The maiden who sat on her left hand was attired in fresh green with garlands of leaves, but she who sat on the right hand of the goddess wore a garment of red. Vaulundur's heart beat high; the three goddesses in their golden chariot bore a yet closer resemblance to the lump of gold which he and his brothers had found in Finland, than did the three maidens in the flower enamelled field. A troop of white fairies,

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airy as light, fluttered round the chariot; some touched their lutes, while others sung, or cooled the air as they waved their broad and swanlike wings. Two large wild cats, resembling panthers in size and beauty, were yoked to the chariot; as it approached the surface of the sea, an old man and woman of majestic appearance, surrounded by many beautiful sea-nymphs, rose from the waves below; this was the sea-god Agir, and his wife Rana, and the young mermaidens were their daughters. Rana had laid aside the net in which she usually receives the corpses of the drowned, and had changed her wonted dark and gloomy mien, she now wore a look of softness. The young and gentle mermaidens wore their long hair braided with seaweed, and flowing down to their slender waists; they conducted a young whale on which Freya, descending lightly from her rainbow, seated herself. The fairies now ceased to flutter around her, but the mermaidens continued to swim near her, and many of them touched their harps and sang to them. Their voices sounded like the soft waves of spring that ripple to the shore, seeking many an outlet among the smooth pebbles, and murmuring amid the budding seaweed. In this manner Freya approached the open door of the prison, surrounded by her lovely attendants—as they drew near, Vaulun-

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dur recognised in her who wore the red garment, his beloved Alvilda. He could not speak, but stood silent with outstretched arms, while tears flowed abundantly down his pale cheeks. When the chariot was immediately in front of the tower the whale stopped, and Freya descended, holding Alvilda by the hand. "Vaulundur," said she, "thine affliction is past; the injury and insults thou hast endured have been revenged by thine own arm, but the happiness that shall henceforth be thy portion, Freya herself brings thee. A sea-nymph has already foretold thee this fortune; thou mayest remember her song of the colours of love, of hope, and of smiling summer; this summer shall now bloom for thee, and thy red and sparkling jewel shall shine forth, and blend with the other colours, without which thy life would be but dead and joyless. Behold thine Alvilda—Odin in the halls of Hlidskialf, has, at my request, granted her to thee for thy whole life, and when thou diest, her loving arms shall bear thee to Walaskialf, where thou shalt forge suits of armour and drinking horns for the gods."

Then Freya beckoned to the maiden who was attired in green. In one hand she carried a root, and in the other a sharp knife; she drew near to Vaulundur, cut some pieces of the root, and laid them on the sinews of his feet and upon

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the socket of his eye, and having plucked some leaves from her garland and placed them over the whole, she breathed on them. Immediately Vaulundur exclaimed—"Now I feel that the gracious Eyr[15] has laid his healing hand on me." Then was he carried by the fairies across the waves to a bower of fresh leaves in the forest; Vaulundur slept soundly, but towards midnight he had a wonderful dream. It seemed to him that he lay in the arms of his Alvilda while Slagfidur and Eigil stood gazing at him with folded arms, and countenances pale and melancholy. Vaulundur perceived that his happiness gave them pleasure, for when they saw him they smiled. Slagfidur stood nearest to him, and, bending over his couch, continued to beckon as though he had somewhat to impart to him. Eigil was further away; he had seated himself on a stone immediately without the hut, and spoke incessantly, but his accents were so low, confused, and hurried, that Vaulundur could not distinguish a word. When he awaked he found himself indeed in Alvilda's arms, but on lifting up his eyes, he perceived a green bough of the arbour waving in the very place where he fancied he had seen his brother Slagfidur leaning over him. Eigil still continued to pronounce words fanciful, low, and hurried, and Vaulundur, turning towards the opening of the hut,

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perceived a little brook that ran murmuring close at hand, and that had represented his brother to his sleeping fancy. These circumstances moved Vaulundur deeply, for he had felt the warmest affection for his brothers, and had ardently desired that they might enjoy happiness equal to his own. Alvilda now awoke and said, "Truly, my dear husband, you must feel refreshed by this slumber, and be again in possession of all your former strength. Go then to Nidudr's court, he still sleeps, and knows nothing of what has happened. Put on this mantle over your armour, and you will be taken for a servant of the king's."

Vaulundur consented to the plan that his wife proposed; he buckled on his armour, wrapped himself in the mantle, and went to the king's apartment unmolested, the guards supposing him to be a retainer about the court. Vaulundur entered the king's apartment and advanced towards the couch where Nidudr slept, and trembled during sleep. "Awake! King Nidudr," exclaimed Vaulundur. "Who dares to disturb my kingly slumber?" cried Nidudr, starting up. "Be not angry," said Vaulundur; "since yesterday an extraordinary event has occurred, which must be made known to you. Had you slain Vaulundur long ago this misfortune would never have happened." "Name

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not that man," said Nidudr. "In spite of his wretched state, I have reason to fear him. Ever since he sent me those costly drinking cups I have been tormented with a burning fever that will not leave me. My heart is icy cold, and my teeth chatter incessantly." "The muscle shells that formed those cups," said Vaulundur, "were worthless, compared with the pearls they once contained; they were the skulls of thy two sons, sir king,—their bodies you will find concealed in Vaulundur's tower. For thy daughter, she is tossing on the wild waves of the sea, if indeed she be not already drowned." He then threw aside his mantle, told the trembling king all that he had done, and drawing his sword, exclaimed in a voice of thunder, "And now am I come myself, avaricious wretch, to give thee thy deathblow." Thus saying, he advanced to pierce him with the sword, but Nidudr had already expired through fear and was already gone to Hela[16], where he is now receiving the punishment due to his crimes. Baudvilde on coming to herself in the boat, precipitated herself into the sea, and the queen swallowed poison.

After all these events, Vaulundur repaired to Leire, to King Hroar, and became a far-famed smith. He died at a good old age, and is buried under a hill where his house is said

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to have formerly stood. There is yet to be seen on the hill an erection of granite of a quadrangular form; on the side toward the north is hewn the figure of a man, whose legs are bound by a chain; he is occupied in forging a sword. There was a sacrifice held here for many years, and Vaulundur was often honoured as a god, for it was believed that his wife Alvilda had carried his soul in her arms to Valhalla, as Freya had promised. All smiths invoke the name of Vaulundur before they commence any undertaking of unusual difficulty. The sword that Vaulundur forged and ornamented with sapphires, and which had the property of always longing for battle, and keeping itself bright in readiness for it, was preserved till within a few centuries in the royal armoury, but it has long since disappeared.

Thus ends Vaulundur's Saga.

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NOTES.

1. The *Nornes* (Nornen), the northern fates; their names, Urthr, Skulld, and Werthandi. See "Mone's Geschichte des Heidenthums in Nordlichen Europa," Th. 1. p. 353, and Vulpius Mythologie der Deutschen und Nordischen Völker, Leipzig, 1826.

2. "*Valkyrii*, female divinities, servants of Odin. Their name signifies *Chusers of the Slain*. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to Valhalla, the hall of Odin, or paradise of the brave; where they attended the banquet and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale." Grey's Note to the Fatal Sisters. See also *Mone*, before cited, p. 362, and Vulpius, p. 336.

3. *Mimir* possessed (says the Edda Fab. 14.) the

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fountain of wisdom and understanding, flowing from the root of the tree Ygdrasil.

4. *Hnos*, a daughter of Freya, so supereminently charming, that all that was beautiful and pleasing was designated by her name.

5. *Siofn*, Sioeffna, or Sione, one of the two inferior deities of Love. She awakened the first sweet sensation in the hearts of youths and maidens.

6. One of the evil deities of the northern mythology. Oehlenslager has written a poem entitled " Thor's reise til Jothentheim."

7. *Miölner*, the wonderful hammer of Thor, before which the Jutes and sorcerers trembled; it was forged by Sindri the dwarf himself, when he made the ring Draupner, and the boar with golden bristles. The marvellous power of this hammer was such that, guided by the hand of Thor, it destroyed every thing it struck; when thrown from the hand, it unerringly hit the object at which it was aimed and then returned back again. When desired, it became so small as to be carried in the pocket; it had only far too short a handle. This defect arose from the circumstance that when it was forging, the bellows-blower being stung by a gadfly let the bellows go before that part of the hammer was completed.

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8. *Hlidskialf*, the throne of Odin, in his palace Walaskialf, sitting on which he oversaw the whole world.

9. *Frygga*, a daughter of the Jute Fiorgwim, and consort of Odin.

10. *Iormungarder*, the serpent of Middle Earth, generated by Loke and the Juten wife Angerbode: it lay and lurked in the great ocean until the deluge; it then uprose, the shores were overflown, and the ship Nagelfar was unmoored. This serpent spouted out poison, pestiferous to sea and air. It was finally overcome and killed by Thor.

11. *Nixie*, a water-nymph. See Ihre and Wachter, in their Glossaries, and Mr. Boucher's Glossary in v. *Auld-nick*. In the old English Dictionary, entitled Promptuarium Parvulorum, printed by Pynson in 1499, we find the word *Nykir*, translated by the Latin *Syrene*, and in a MS. copy of the same work, reference is made to *Mermadyn*.

12. *Trudvanger*, Thor's dwelling place in Asgaard.

13. The *Asynii*, or *Asunii*, were the female deities of the northern mythology, of whom Freya was the chief.

14. *Agir*, or *Aeger*, is the Neptune of the northern mythology.

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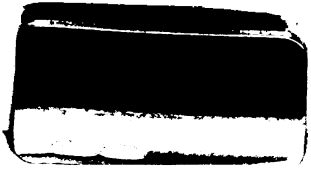

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